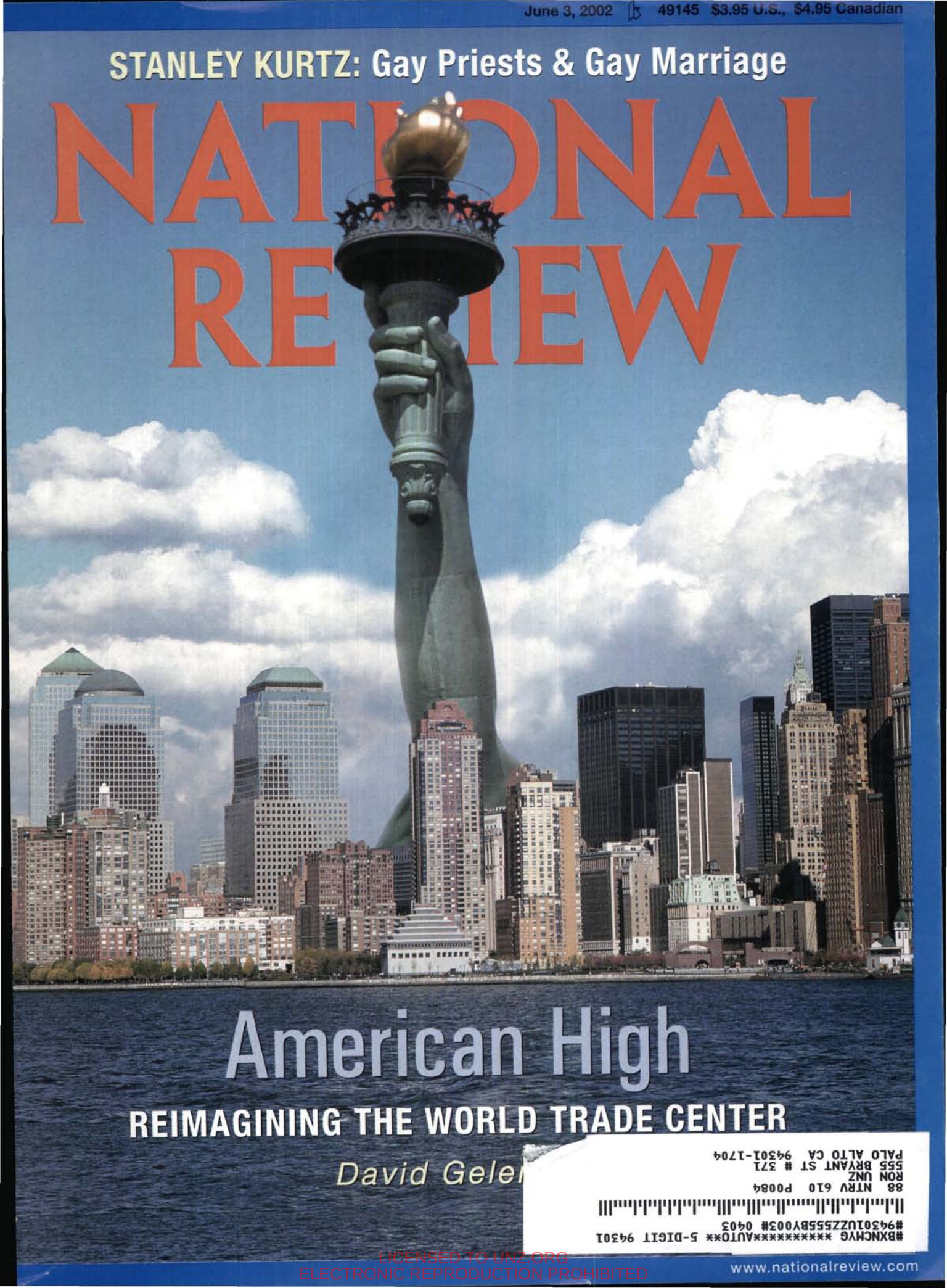


STANLEY KURTZ: Gay Priests & Gay Marriage

NATIONAL REVIEW



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1. U.S. News & World Report, "America's Best Hospitals," 23 July, 2001.
2. Modern Healthcare, "Improving Care Through Integration," January 7, 2002.
3. Health Affairs, "Health Plan Characteristics and Consumers' Assessments of Quality," March/April 2001. (See www.NonProfitHealthCare.org for abstract)

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■ LETTERS ■

ART APPRECIATION 101

Speaking of vulgarity as one of the characteristics of our time, I offer your May 6 cover [of Yasser Arafat by Roman Genn] as an example.

Ralph C. Boettcher
Pittsburgh, Pa.

You'll get all kinds of screams from all the usual "fairness" suspects. Let them howl. The cover depicts Arafat just the way I see him.

William F. Miller
Corpus Christi, Tex.

The picture is too hideous to look at, so revolting that I don't want it in my house.

James J. Engel
Edina, Minn.

Arafat, with drooping olive branch and moribund dove of peace, tops all Roman Genn's covers: a caricature of a caricature.

Helen Wildermuth
East Lyme, Conn.

Words like "obscene," "unbridled hatred," and "intense underlying fear" come to mind. What has become of your once-proud magazine?

Russell McFadden
West Columbia, Tex.

You knocked one out of the ballpark! Imagine looking into the mirror every morning and seeing this. One can understand why he is mad at the world!

E. Jack Webster Jr.
Springfield, Mo.

DARLING DISAPPOINTS DEM

As a conservative Democrat and a subscriber, I was disappointed that NR so quickly dismissed my suggestion that the promotion of concealed-carry is not the way to change America's violent gun culture (The Week, May 6). In suggesting that more guns lead to less crime, you rely on gun-lobby darling John Lott, whose dubious regression analysis has been widely criticized. Conservatives should not dismiss efforts to address the problem with such questionable analysis.

State Rep. Edward S. Jerse
Columbus, Ohio

THE WESTERN VIEW

We westerners might fault John J. Miller's "Fort Liberalism" (May 6) for missing a critical point: There is yet to be a meaningful change at the top of the civil-rights division.

In 1999 Clinton's Bill Lann Lee sued Blaine County, Mont., asserting that the Voting Rights Act guaranteed Native Americans the right to elect an American Indian commissioner. In 2001 Bush's Ralph F. Boyd sued Alamosa County, Colo., on the same basis asserted by Mr. Lee; this time the racial group denied that guarantee was Hispanics.

These lawsuits violate not just the Constitution's equal-protection guarantee but also dual sovereignty, whereby states determine the best method of local governance so long as all citizens are able to participate equally in the electoral process. As Justices Thomas and Scalia have recognized, these lawsuits deepen racial divisions by destroying any need for voters or candidates to build bridges among racial groups.

What the civil-rights division needs is not office reorganization but official recognition of these principles. Otherwise, westerners will be forgiven for concluding that, on the issue of race, Presidents Clinton and Bush do not differ.

William Perry Pendley, President
Mountain States Legal Foundation
Lakewood, Colo.

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Improving Healthcare by Empowering Patients

by Liz Kendall

Across the world, consumers of healthcare services have become increasingly informed and demanding. The UK government, like many others, has responded by trying to create a more "consumer-friendly" healthcare system. For instance, it has opened 24-hour "walk-in" health centers and provided more information through hospital league tables. These moves are welcome. For too long, healthcare systems have treated patients as passive recipients and given them little information or say regarding how and by whom they are cared for.

Although health system reformers have rightly sought to expand patient choice, they have not given the same weight to what patients should be expected to do in return. Good health is the responsibility not just of governments, doctors, and nurses, but also of people themselves. To improve health, we must go beyond merely treating disease, to transforming the relationship among doctors, patients, and their health services. We must move from a purely consumerist model of healthcare to a citizenship model in which patients have more rights and choices, but in which they also take on greater responsibility.

Evidence shows that giving patients a greater role in their care can improve health. Educating patients about how and when to take their medicines can prevent ill health and decrease emergency admissions. By involving patients in treatment decisions, doctors can help alleviate patients' anxiety and depression and improve health outcomes.

Thanks to the introduction of new medical technologies, patient responsibility will become even more important in the future. Genetic tests

can identify people who are susceptible to specific diseases, allowing doctors to help them take preventive action. Telemedicine will enable more patients to be treated at home with remote diagnostic and monitoring equipment and video link-ups with doctors. Such developments allow health

Medical professionals must help patients understand that in return for greater power, control, and choice over the services and treatments they receive, they must bear greater responsibility for their own care

services to focus less on remedial treatment than on prevention. These advances also promote better use of resources and give patients more power and control. The benefits depend, however, on the willingness and ability of patients to assume a larger role in their own healthcare.

In the UK, doctors typically spend more than one-third of their time dealing with relatively minor ailments. In many cases, patients can treat these problems themselves, provided that they understand the basics about illness and good health. We need to start these educational efforts early – by teaching young children about common illnesses, how long they last, and how best to treat them.

People with more serious problems can also take on more responsibility for their own care. Those with long-term illnesses, such as diabetes or asthma, often know more about their diseases than their doctors do. Programs that help patients use

this knowledge to manage their own conditions can generate huge rewards, both for individuals and for the system as a whole.

The Arthritis Care patient group, for example, teaches patients how to use their drugs properly to manage their symptoms and pain more effectively. Patient groups also encourage their members to eat better and take more exercise, and they provide emotional support in handling stress. The result? Patients experience reduced symptoms and less pain. They also make fewer visits to the doctor and spend less time in hospital.

Empowering patients will require a radical shift in relations between patients and medical professionals. If patients are empowered to share decisions with doctors, they must also accept the responsibilities that go with that empowerment. Doctors know that medicine is an inexact science that does not always provide clear and unambiguous answers. They must help patients understand the uncertainties and risks, as well as the potential benefits, of medicine.

We should not underestimate the scale of the challenge ahead. Patients are more demanding than in the past, but many still find it hard to ask their doctors simple questions about their illnesses, let alone to manage aspects of their care and share in decision-making about their treatment. Medical professionals must help patients understand that in return for greater power, control, and choice over the services and treatments they receive, they must bear greater responsibility for their own care. To echo a famous phrase, let's start asking not just what health services can do for patients, but what patients can do for themselves.

Liz Kendall is an Associate Director at the Institute for Public Policy Research (www.ippr.org.uk), Britain's leading centre-left think tank.

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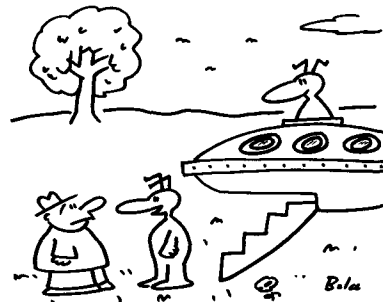
■ FOR THE RECORD ■

■ President **Bush** in San Jose: "America doesn't need more big government, and we've learned that more money is not always the answer. If a program is failing to serve people, it makes little difference if we spend twice as much or half as much. The measure of true compassion is results." . . . In wake of 9/11 spending, federal budget expected to grow at least 11 percent this year. . . . "From the first of the year, the president has been cautioning about the need not to practice a guns-and-butter policy," says OMB director **Mitch Daniels**, in *New York Times*. "The president is resolute. The House leadership is resolute. Those are two good disc brakes. The problem is that the vehicle is already moving pretty fast." . . . Rep. **John Shadegg** (R., Ariz.): "Many of us are deeply concerned about spending spinning out of control." . . . Bush commemorates Cinco de Mayo: "[Mexican president **Vicente Fox** and I] are both deeply committed to helping the entire American *familia* achieve prosperity and live in peace." . . . Bush on judicial nominees: "The Senate thus far has not done its part to ensure that our federal courts operate at full strength. Justice is at risk in America, and the Senate must act for the good of the country." . . . Treasury secretary **Paul O'Neill** on taxes, in *Wall Street Journal*: "We're beginning to work on simplification issues. . . . Next year, I think we need to put a major reform proposal on the table."

■ Undersecretary of state **John Bolton**, at Heritage Foundation: "The United States believes that Cuba has at least a limited offensive biological-warfare research and development effort. Cuba has provided dual-use biotechnology to other rogue states. We are concerned that such technology could support BW programs in those states." . . . National security adviser **Condoleezza Rice**, on Fox News: "The president has made no decision as to how he is going to deal with **Saddam Hussein**. We're in consultation with our friends and allies. But we have felt, the president has felt, that it's extremely important to make clear that the

status quo is not acceptable with this regime." . . . **Bill Clinton** discusses why he didn't invade Afghanistan, on NPR: "I think the only thing [more] we could have done is to try some sort of invasion, which would have been widely condemned around the world as a violation of international law." . . . University of California at Berkeley offers class on "The Politics and Poetics of Palestinian Resistance," and course description says "conservative thinkers are encouraged to seek other sections."

■ Republican pollster **Bill McInturff** in memo to GOP on 2002 elections: "There is no new tone in politics. Democrats are going to be mean, nasty, and negative. Be aggressive." . . . American Research Group poll shows Rep. **John Sununu** leading Sen. **Bob Smith** in New Hampshire Republican Senate primary. . . . Bush's top media



"We came as soon as we got your message—take us to Fred and Wilma."

adviser in 2000, **Mark McKinnon**, gives \$14,000 to Texas Democrats, including Senate nominee **Ron Kirk**. . . . Republicans consider holding 2004 convention after Labor Day. . . . **Newt Gingrich**, in *USA Today*: "The most important single development over the next 20 years is to have a Republican Party that actively includes the Hispanic community, understands their concerns, and helps solve them." . . . Brother of HHS secretary **Tommy Thompson** runs for governor of Wisconsin as Libertarian. Says **Ed Thompson**: "We're very close as brothers, but [Tommy's] a Republicrat—a career politician. I'm for the common man toppling the career politician."

■ Maryland governor **Parris Glendening** (D.) places moratorium on death penalty. . . . In ABCNews.com poll, 65 percent say they support death penalty for criminals convicted of murder. . . . In San Francisco, number of AIDS deaths plummets, but number of HIV infections has doubled in five years and incidence of syphilis has increased fourfold in three years. . . . **Dan Quayle**, ten years after Murphy Brown speech, according to MSNBC.com: "It is now okay to argue . . . that fathers do matter and that marriage is good."

■ Bill Clinton on whether he'll host a TV talk show, on NPR: "I don't think this is going to happen." . . . As ratings for Public Broadcasting Service hit all-time lows, president **Pat Mitchell** says, "We are dangerously close in our overall prime-time number to falling below the relevance quotient. . . . And if that happens, we will surely fall below any arguable need for government support, not to mention corporate or individual support." . . . **Myrt Westphal**, director of residential life at Swarthmore College, which has started allowing men and women to share dorm rooms, in *New York Times*: "In three to five years coed housing will be an option on most campuses."

■ Saudi foreign minister Prince **Saud al-Faisal** admits that relatives of suicide bombers are among the 1,800 Palestinian families who have received financial support from Saudi Arabia since beginning of the intifadah. . . . Islamic terrorists kill 36 in Russian province of Dagestan, near Chechnya. . . . Sales at American fast-food restaurants in Arab countries are down as much as 30 percent, reports *New York Times*. . . . Bahrain holds first representative elections in 30 years, with women allowed to vote and run for office for first time.

■ At roast for retiring House majority leader **Dick Armey**, former aide **Ed Gillespie** recalls what Armey once told Egyptian president **Hosni Mubarak**: "I don't speak Arabic, but I use your numbers all the time." **NR**



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THE WEEK

■ So, who's the worst ex-president? A question to give you a headache.

■ If the Bush administration's foray into Middle East peace-making is an elaborate deception, as some clever pundits have suggested, the ruse keeps getting better. The optimistic theory was that Bush stopped talking about Iraq and started leaning on Ariel Sharon only as a feint to appease Arab public opinion. But the administration keeps sinking deeper and deeper into the morass of the peace process. Successful Arab-Israeli negotiations—e.g., the Sadat-Begin deal—have always been the product of secret, bilateral talks, not involving U.S. pressure. So the likely fruit of the administration's effort now is only wasted time and energy. It is a hopeful sign that there is talk of "marginalizing" Yasser Arafat. But the cleanest way to do that would be to make it clear that the U.S. won't force Israel to talk with him or grant him a state—and wait for the Palestinians, should they ever so choose, to support a more respectable leadership.

■ Meanwhile, the question of whether Mohamed Atta had a meeting with an Iraqi agent in Prague, in April 2001, is becoming a proxy for the Iraq debate. Hawk William Safire says yes, dove Bob Novak says no. The incident is murky, but Czech officials are standing by their account that Atta (who definitely had been in Prague in June 2000) met with the Iraqi in 2001. The larger point about the meeting is simple: It shouldn't matter. A direct, unmistakable connection to Sept. 11 is not necessary for a *casus belli*. The U.S. should topple Saddam because of his pursuit of weapons of mass destruction, his flouting of the Gulf War cease-fire agreements, his declared hostility to the United States, and his generally nefarious influence in the region. The details of all the nasty things done by his intelligence agents can be sorted out later.

■ During Operation Defensive Shield, the Israelis captured around 500,000 documents from various Palestinian ministries and organizations. Here is a pretty complete X-ray of Yasser Arafat and his deeds. The documents are still being analyzed but already they establish beyond argument what everyone really knew even if they didn't care to admit it, namely that Arafat is one of the world's leading international terrorists. The Islamist groups Hamas and Islamic Jihad are sponsored by Saudi Arabia and Iran respectively, but they liaise closely with Arafat and act with his full knowledge and backing. We now have evidence that he orders terrorism, and authorizes payments for it. For the Palestinians and their supporters it is a horrible embarrassment to be caught so red-handed. Unable to wriggle out of it, they have no alternative to pretending that the documents are forgeries. Think of the

laboratories equipped and large enough to accommodate enough forgers and paper and ink for so many documents, and all in Arabic too, and the work finished within so few days! Those clever Israelis. On CNN, Lou Dobbs said that Prime Minister Sharon had come to Washington on a "smear campaign" against Arafat. This man can't be smeared. The truth about him speaks for itself.

■ The siege of the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem ended after 39 days. Thirteen Palestinian gunmen were exiled to a three-star hotel in Cyprus, and 26 were sent to the Gaza Strip. These men hijacked a Christian holy site, evidently hoping to provoke the Israeli army into an assault. But the Israelis sat tight, picking off armed men with sniper fire, and when conditions inside the church became too uncomfortable, the occupiers negotiated a retreat. The Christian clerics who were caught in the middle have been discreet in their accounts—"There was shooting from the inside, and shooting from outside," said one Greek Orthodox priest; "I don't know who fired first." Well they might be. Native Christians are a shrinking minority in an increasingly Islamized West Bank. Come Palestinian Independence Day, they will shrink ever more rapidly.

■ Even granting that some people buy a book, especially a short, topical one, because it is in the window, not necessarily because they agree with it, the success of Noam Chomsky's *9-11* is revolting. Chomsky argues that we had it coming to us, and that our war in Afghanistan is an act of state terrorism. It is demented left-wing anti-Americanism, with a dash of anti-Semitism thrown in. He has sold 160,000 copies. During World War II, H. L. Mencken, a great journalist and a Germanophile, felt obliged to give up his *Baltimore Sun* column because he knew his opinions would be unacceptable in wartime. But this war has many elements of the Phony War (World War II before the invasion of France), and the academic ghettos are evidently numerous enough to put Chomsky on the best-seller list. We would suggest giving Chomsky a tour of Ground Zero, except that he would be pleased.

■ It turns out the *New York Times* was right: A U.S. withdrawal from the ABM Treaty did accompany an arms race. It's just that the *Times* got the direction wrong. Instead of building up, the U.S. and Russia are building down. George W. Bush and Vladimir Putin have agreed to slash their arsenals to approximately 2,000 warheads by 2012. That there had to be a formal agreement at all is a hangover of the Cold War, but at least it is a brief document—only three pages—that allows both sides maximum flexibility. Arms controllers

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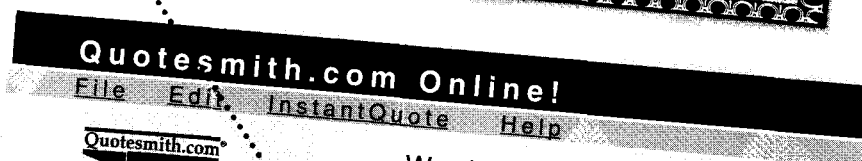
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are complaining that the deal didn't call for the outright destruction of warheads, but neither did START I or START II. The agreement is another step toward the adoption of a sensible post-Cold War nuclear policy, made possible only because Bush has wrenched the U.S. away from the status quo, over much opposition. Well done.

■ In footnotes to two legal briefs, solicitor general Ted Olson declared that it was the executive branch's position that the Second Amendment protects an individual right to bear arms. This reading treats the amendment like the rest of the Bill of Rights. The First Amendment, for example, recognizes an individual right to speak freely. It does not prohibit all regulations of that speech: Someone who falsely cries *Fire!* in a crowded theater may be punished. But the Constitution does bar laws attempting to reduce the amount of speech. Similarly, the Constitution allows some regulations on gun ownership—and indeed, in the very cases about which Olson was writing, he urged the Court to let the particular regulations at issue stand. But a ban on handgun ownership would not be consistent with the Constitution. Nor, pursuing the analogy to the First Amendment, would a law designed to “reduce the number of guns on the street.” Unless, that is, the Constitution were amended. That's the route properly open to those people who believe the Second Amendment was a mistake, or is obsolete.

■ Fahad al-Hajri, a 28-year-old “student” born in Qatar who is being held here on visa-fraud charges, was denied bail when he appeared to have tenuous links to 9/11. His lawyer has complained, naturally. But consider this: The easier it is to enter the country, the easier it should be to investigate and, if necessary, deport aliens. The Alien Act, a supposed blot on President John Adams's escutcheon, allowed the president to deport undesirable aliens. Congress passed it in the early years of an ideological world war, when it feared the activities of French and Irish radicals. Such men had flocked here at a time of no federal immigration restrictions. If anybody and his brother can come here, then anybody and his brother better keep his nose clean. Only after we become more selective in the visas that we issue, can we afford to be more restrained in our investigations of visa-holders.

■ Colorado Republican congressman Tom Tancredo got the White House's attention with an interview he gave to the *Washington Times*. “What we have not done” after 9/11, Tancredo said, “is to protect our borders. . . . The president is

not on our side. He believes in open borders. Unless we do something significant to control our borders, we're going to have another [terrorist] event. . . . Then the blood of the people killed will be on this administration and this Congress.” Tancredo added that he “used to think” Karl Rove “and his outreach to Hispanics” were responsible for White House immigration policy. “But no, it's Mr. Bush. He's driving the issue himself.” This got Tancredo an angry earful from Rove. But while what Tancredo said was certainly compressed, how was it false? Mexican illegal immigrants have not made terrorist attacks. But lax border and visa policies did let terrorists in, and they were, and remain, lax in large part because of the GOP's bewitchment with the Hispanic vote. White House political adviser Karl Rove is the truffle-pig of Hispanic vote hunting. But the guiding force is President Bush, who fancied himself a Hispanic heartthrob in his Texas gubernatorial races, and wants to replicate his success nationwide—and who also believes in easy immigration laws. Congressional Republicans who are concerned about the impact of immigration on our national security and identity must, on this set of issues, be in loyal opposition to the president.

■ Congress is on the verge of agreeing to let the president negotiate trade deals that it will vote up or down but not amend. That way, other countries will make bargains with us knowing that their compromises will not be picked apart on Capitol Hill. But Sens. Larry Craig and Mark Dayton, a conservative and a liberal, may make this victory for the president and for free trade a Pyrrhic one. They want to preserve America's “anti-dumping” laws—that is, laws against imports that are priced too low, as determined by the government. So if the president strikes a deal that includes a reform of these laws, these senators want to be able to amend the reform. Since such reform is one of the top wishes of our trading partners, the president would find it much harder to make any deals under the senators' conditions. Besides, the dumping laws *ought* to be reformed or, better, abolished. They are protectionist devices that penalize American consumers, including many businesses, and that other countries are now using in turn against our exports. Any senator who votes for Dayton-Craig is voting to strangle free-trade deals in the crib.

■ One of the signal accomplishments of the GOP Congress was its 1996 vote to phase out farm subsidies—a strain of heartland socialism that told farmers what crops to plant and how many acres to till. More than half a million commercial farmers were taken off the federal dole. Now a \$190 billion farm bill undoes all that. “It's not a perfect bill,” acknowledged President Bush at a signing ceremony on May 13. Try: It's a terrible bill. It violates principles that Bush himself outlined as a candidate. Bush may have helped Republican Senate candidates in a few farm states, but he has also imperiled another important goal: free trade. Massive subsidies threaten to put the U.S. in violation of its obligations as a member of the World Trade Organization. By angering our

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: It may soon be too late to sign up for NR's 2002 Post-Election Mexico Cruise (Nov. 16–23, aboard Holland America's *Ryndam*, featuring WFB, Kenneth Starr, Milton Friedman, and a plethora of conservative all-stars). Over 150 cabins have been booked. The swift pace of reservations continues unabated. And the stock of remaining staterooms dwindles. You won't want to miss it. For more information, see the ad on pp. 42–44.

Schooling in the Mobile Society

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America is a mobile society. In fact that has been one of its strengths; the American labor market adjusts to changes more quickly than virtually any other labor market in the world. But mobility has its costs. Family moves, whether for new job opportunities, improved housing, or adjustment to divorce, lead to frequent changes of schools. These school changes take their toll on some children.

Moreover, **the negative effects of moving are not only experienced by the children who move; all students in high-mobility schools, including nonmovers, tend to be affected.** Teachers must continually adjust to movements in and out of their classrooms, and these adjustments detract from learning.

Also, the impact of high mobility is not evenly dispersed across the population, instead falling more heavily on disadvantaged children. Disadvantaged children—who are likely to come to school less well prepared than advantaged children—also move more frequently. These moves are unlikely to lead to any improvements in their schools. Higher-income parents can exercise more choice, taking schools into account when they move because of their ability to choose from a wider variety of housing opportunities. But restricted housing choices plus the concentration of high-mobility families leave lower-income children worse off.

Improving the education of disadvantaged children has been and should be an important policy goal. But **the issue of school mobility highlights the difficulty of policy development.** First, public schools should do more to take mobility into account. The highest mobility rates occur in large central cities, where poor children are likely to go to school. But, while decrying the problems of high mobility, many large systems have not aligned curricula and programs across schools to lessen the disruption of moving. Second, many people argue that improved schooling for poor kids requires more fundamental change, such as school choice, on the grounds that individual schools can develop innovative programs and that these programs can be one of the gains of more parental options.

The two policy options are not necessarily in conflict. Improved school choice mechanisms—ones that separate school attendance from the specifics of residential location—might stabilize schooling for some low-income children. If parents could maintain the same schools for their children even if forced by other circumstances to move, the achievement of low-income students (both moving and nonmoving) might improve. It is difficult to determine, however, whether this effect is sufficient to overcome forces that tend to increase the costs of family moves. As is often the case, developing the best policy outcomes involves trade-offs and experience.

— Eric A. Hanushek

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trading partners, the subsidies also make it less likely that they will make trade deals with the U.S., even if Congress finally passes the bill to let trade talks go forward. So the upshot of the bill is the reverse of what we should be seeking: less aid and more trade.

■ The Bush administration has proposed the loosening of restrictions on public single-sex schools and single-sex classrooms, a move that even the likes of Hillary Clinton back. These new rules—a change from the current interpretation of the 30-year-old Title IX regulations that prohibit sex discrimination in federally funded education programs—could mean higher test scores and improved overall behavior for students: including sometimes-slighted boys. This is particularly important in poor and minority areas, as we know from the evidence of the eleven single-sex public schools currently operating around the country, as well as the private-school experience and myriad studies. All-boys or all-girls education may be an old idea, but it's one whose time has come again.

■ In deciding whether, or when, to go to war with Iraq, the last thing President Bush and his aides should have to consider is whether their actions will trigger a prosecution by an International Criminal Court. Yet the ICC is designed to impose "accountability" of this kind on nation-states, while itself being unaccountable in the way that the best of those nation-states are. (Nobody elects the ICC.) Even President Clinton said he recognized the pitfalls of an ICC when, in the last weeks of his term, he signed the treaty to establish it, the pressure to prove the strength of his opposition to war crimes having become too great to resist. Now the Bush administration has undone Clinton's decision, saying that it will neither submit the treaty for ratification nor cooperate with the court. But avoiding the dangers inherent in the ICC will require even more than that. Should another country ever seize or imprison an American citizen pursuant to an ICC investigation, we will have to regard it as an aggressive act—and we should make it clear, now, that we will do so.

■ The U.S. delegation to the U.N.'s Special Session on Children deserves cheers for frustrating the European Union and annoying the *New York Times* by firmly insisting that an endorsement of gay marriage and the right of adolescents to abortion *not* be included in the session's final document. Thus, the U.N.'s favorite euphemism for abortion, "reproductive health services," did not appear, and the U.S., making a formal statement for the record, specified that the multinational lingo of "various forms of the family" includes single parents and extended families—conspicuously leaving out gay unions. For good measure, Amb. Sichan Siv, the U.S. representative to the Economic and Social Council, noted that "children's rights" must always take account of the rights and responsibilities of parents. Austin Ruse, who monitors the U.N. as president of the Catholic Family and Human Rights Institute, marvels that the U.S. delegation "never wavered" in the face of "enormous pressure from its EU allies." Those EUers must be slow learners. Their American allies in the

multinational campaign to redefine the family and establish an international right to abortion left office last year.

■ When CNN opened a Havana office five years ago, bureau chief Lucia Newman said Cuban officials had promised the network "total freedom to do what we want and to work without any prior censorship." Perhaps that's because they knew CNN would censor itself. According to a new study by the Media Research Center, CNN's Havana-based journalists have produced 212 prime-time reports on the Cuban government or life on the island. A grand total of seven of them dealt with political dissidents or prisoners, which is fewer than the number of stories CNN ran in the first three months of this year about alleged human-rights abuses of Taliban prisoners held at Guantanamo Bay. The bureau also put out a mere four stories on the absence of democracy in Cuba, including one that had Newman remarking that Cuba's one-candidate "elections" contained none of the "dubious campaign spending" found in the U.S. Overall, Communist spokesmen were given six times more airplay than non-Communist ones. Perhaps this is because the non-Communist ones would fear for their lives if they spoke against the regime—a great story in itself, if only CNN would report it.

■ Speaking of immigration laws, how about this one: "The admission to the country of a foreigner obliges him to comply strictly with the conditions established for him in the immigration permit and the dispositions established by the respective laws." All will therefore support the recent expulsion of 18 students who violated the terms of their visas by participating in a political demonstration. The great speed of the expulsion was also gratifying: The demonstration took place on May 1; the 18 offenders were on their way back to their home country, visas revoked, by the evening of May 2. What's that—you didn't think the INS was capable of such swift and decisive action? It's not. These particular expulsions were carried out by the Instituto Nacional de Migración, which is to say Mexico's counterpart of the INS. The students were American leftists from Washington State, and the law quoted above is Article 43 of Mexico's General Population Law. The students gave themselves away when they were seen on Mexican TV news shouting protest slogans in broken Spanish. "Foreigners should not meddle in our national affairs," was the stern comment of one Mexican commentator. Quite right, too. After all, Mexican citizens visiting, or living in, the U.S. would not be permitted to meddle in our national affairs, would they? Of course not.

■ During a six-month period last year, there were over 70,000 complaints about land and housing policies in Vietnam. But when 30 to 40 people showed up outside the Communist Party headquarters in Hanoi with signs, that tore it. "The fact that people gather with placards is abnormal," said Nong Duc Manh, general secretary of the party. "Our democracy is in many cases excessive." Those First Amendment penumbras are not very penumbrous in the people's paradise.

Go ahead. Try it.

Mrs. Wolfram's Class

Name _____

DIRECTIONS: Put the following rulers in chronological order:

_____ Julius Caesar _____ Nero _____ Marcus Aurelius
_____ Diocletian _____ Constantine _____ Pompey _____ Augustus

1. Of the rulers mentioned above, who was the best? Why? Who was the worst? Give specific examples to support your answer.
2. DEFINE: a) Pax Romana b) Papyrus c) Oratory d) Huns
3. Explain all that you can of Roman schooling and education.
4. Why did the barbarians have so much success against the Roman Empire after 350 AD? Be specific.
5. If you had lived in Rome in 100 AD, what kinds of entertainment would you have seen? Tell me as much as you know of this.

DIRECTIONS: Answer the following essay questions in complete sentences. Be as specific as possible.

1. Detail the rise of Christianity in the Roman Empire. How did the Christian God replace the pagan gods? Why did the Romans turn to Christianity? Describe Constantine's role in all this.
2. Compare and contrast the rise to power and rule of Pompey and Julius Caesar. Give examples of their actions towards their friends, enemies, and the people of Rome. Be specific.
3. What are the legacies of the Roman Empire? In other words, what has Rome contributed to Western society? How and why are these contributions important?

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■ The city of Hartlepool, in northeast England, has a professional soccer team, and the team has a mascot: H'Angus, a seven-foot dancing monkey—to be precise, a young man named Stuart Drummond, dressed in a monkey suit. Striving to extend the scope of his act beyond weekend soccer games, Mr. Drummond, monkey suit and all, ran for mayor of the city on a platform emphasizing free bananas for schoolchildren. He won. The city government's staff of 3,500 and budget of \$145 million are now in the hands of a dancing monkey—one, moreover, who has twice been in trouble for performing lewd simulations in public. As so often with politicians, though, Mr. Drummond is proving to be a disappointment in office. He has come over all serious, and now appears only in mufti. "People are very serious about this town. They don't want a big, furry seven-foot monkey," he says. Why then did they vote for one? Free bananas for schoolchildren is by no means, by *no* means, the worst policy proposal we have heard this year.

■ We already know from the memoir of his personal physician that Mao Tse-tung did not age well. In his last years, the old despot was prone to odd fancies and obsessions. One of them revealed itself at a midnight meeting with Henry Kissinger in 1973, a transcript of which has just been released by the U.S. National Archives. The bee in Mao's bonnet this particular evening was China's large number of women. The number was, apparently, too large for Mao's peace of mind. During discussions of a proposed trade bill, the Chairman extruded the following Thought: "China is a very poor country. We don't have much. What we have in excess is women." Kissinger murmured that there were no quotas or tariffs on that particular item. Mao: "So if you want, we can give a few of those to you, some tens of thousands. They will create disasters. That way you can lessen our burden." Efforts to get the conversation back on track came to naught. Mao: "Do you want our Chinese women? We can give you ten million. . . . By doing so we can let them flood your country with disaster. In our country we have too many women, and they have a way of doing things." Ah, the ineffable wisdom of the Great Helmsman!

THE FEAR'S PALPABLE

*When Gore resurfaced with that beard,
The party, windows shuttered, cheered,
Assuming Al was signaling
He's happy as a ding-a-ling:
Then there he was in Tampa, shaved.
They're all professionals; they waved,
But, oh, the drinking and the dope,
The Prozac—the abandoned hope.*

—W. H. VON DREELE



■ Lucas John Helder, an angst-ridden art student, recently planted 18 pipe bombs in mailboxes across the Midwest. One mailman has lost his hearing and his arm is badly injured. Another has 14 stitches in his right hand. A bomb exploded in the hands of a 70-year-old woman, bloodying her face. Helder, armed with explosives and a handgun, traveled some 3,000 miles by car and led the police on a 40-mile high-speed chase. But, his father assured us while his son was still on the loose, "Luke is not a dangerous person." In fact, he went on to say that his son's meticulously orchestrated terror spree—carried out in Colorado, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, and Texas to form a smiley-face pattern across the map—was a form of political expression: "I think he's just trying to make a statement about the way our government is run. I think Luke wants people to listen to his ideas, and not enough people are hearing him, and he thinks this may help." It is no doubt horrifying to discover that one's progeny has tried to murder many innocent people. But we are reminded of a line from Stephen Butler Leacock, the Canadian economist and humorist: "The parent who could see his boy as he really is, would shake his head and say: 'Willie is no good; I'll sell him.'"

■ Officials in Thailand, Sri Lanka, and Cambodia recently hit upon the bright idea of using monks as anti-smoking role models. "Buddhist monks are key men in society and are well respected," Seng Somony, deputy director of the National Buddhist Institute in Phnom Penh, explained to Reuters. There's just one snag: Thirty-six percent—and some believe closer to half—of Cambodia's 59,000 monks smoke cigarettes. And new research implicates smoking as the leading cause of death among monks in Thailand. We'll get back to you once the sages of the "Non-Smoking Model Monks Programme" are done sorting all that out.

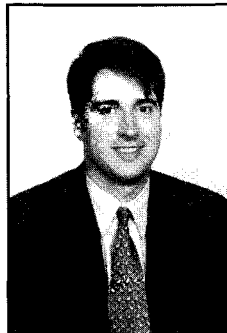
■ Snehal Shingavi—a fifth-year graduate student in English at Berkeley, and a leader of the campus group Students for Justice in Palestine—recently drew a firestorm of criticism by warning, in a course description for "The Politics and Poetics of Palestinian Resistance," that "conservative thinkers are encouraged to seek other sections." Even more surprising than Mr. Shingavi's candor is his statement, quoted in the *Daily Californian*, that "if you can't accept that Palestinians have the right to self-determination, it is impossible to read resistance poetry." Impossible? Must one then be a lesbian to read Sappho, an anti-Semite to read Christopher Marlowe, a skeptic to read Voltaire? In today's academy, sadly, there are many who would answer yes. But there are others still prepared to give *Romeo and Juliet* to students who have never been in love, or assign the *Paradiso* even to those lacking prior experience of heaven. Their hope is to deliver on the best promise of the university, that of teaching us things we do not already know. Come the fall, Mr. Shingavi will proceed with his course. Thinkers are encouraged to seek other sections.

■ San Francisco continues to set the pace for the rest of the country in its zeal to secure the human rights of every con-

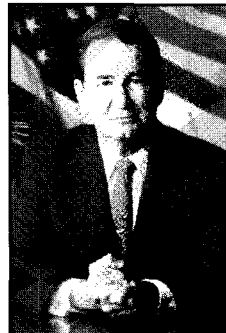
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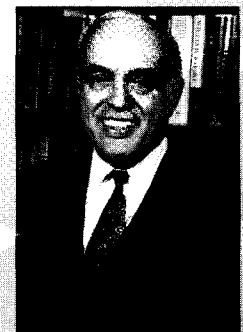
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- Justin Rubenstein, Washington & Lee University



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ceivable minority. We are not sure, come to think of it, that fat people are actually a minority in these United States; but that they have human rights, let no one doubt. Last summer, 240-lb. Jennifer Portnick applied for a job as an exercise instructor at a branch of the Jazzercise fitness chain. Jazzercise turned her down, on the grounds that she lacked a “fit appearance.” A trip to San Francisco’s Human Rights Commission soon put things straight. The Jazzercise people have now seen the error of their ways; all requirements for a fit appearance in instructors have been dropped. Ms. Portnick is celebrating a “civil rights victory,” and the Republic marches on to a future free of all prejudice and discrimination.

■ The *Los Angeles Times*, amid speculation that Bill Clinton was considering a new career as a talk-show host: “Some experts said [he] would risk his status as a world statesman by aligning himself so closely with the issues common to afternoon or late-night talk shows such as adultery, rape, child abuse and teen pregnancy.”

■ The German airline Lufthansa is offering special flights over London in a WW2-vintage Luftwaffe bomber. “Nostalgia and charm and a unique bird’s-eye view of London,” reads the ad. The bomber in question is a refurbished Junkers Ju 52, one of which was used by Hitler as his personal transport. For \$130, interested parties can view London as Luftwaffe pilots saw it during the Blitz of 1940–41, though presumably minus the conflagrations. Memo to the English: How about re-starting the anti-aircraft guns, just for old times’ sake?

■ Luciano Pavarotti did not sing his two “farewell” performances at New York’s Metropolitan Opera. The great tenor was supposed to perform *Tosca*, but came down with a case of the flu. The first night he bowed out, cynics suspected a ploy to boost interest for his second night, but as the lights dimmed, the general manager of the Met came onstage to announce that, 50 minutes before curtain time, Pavarotti had bowed out again. A 33-year-old sub, flown in from Europe on the Concorde, made his Met debut in Pavarotti’s place (the theater of the moment required that he get a star-is-born welcome, no matter how well he sang, and so he did). Like any other star-driven art, opera is often as much about egos and backstage drama as it is about its high-art content, and by those criteria, this night at the opera was boffo. But opera must also be about great voices and great music, and for over a quarter of a century, Pavarotti’s peerless instrument has delighted millions—and will delight millions more on CDs. A night for the headlines, a career for the ages.

■ President Bush recently paid tribute to Milton Friedman, the godfather of free-market economics, at a White House luncheon held in his honor. At the event, Bush spoke eloquently of Friedman’s influential ideas and devotion to liberty: “Milton Friedman does not object to government controls solely because they are ineffective. . . . He has taught us that a free-market system’s main justification is its moral strength.

Human freedom serves the cause of human dignity.” Emphasizing the power of the free market to uplift not only economies but national security and education, Bush did more than honor a man: He honored an idea, one that we are happy to know is respected at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

■ Lord Peter Bauer passed away a week before he could receive the first Milton Friedman Award for Advancing Liberty. The \$500,000 award, which will now go to his estate, is a fraction of the sum that the world’s poor would have saved had their governments listened to Bauer’s advice. In the early post-war years, fashionable theory held that poor countries had to have state-led economies and protected industries in order to develop. The theory was implemented, to disastrous effect. Bauer was the theory’s most eminent critic—sometimes, it seemed, the only eminent critic. (One of his books was titled, aptly, *Dissent on Development*.) Bauer also instructed the West on the limits of its role: Third World poverty, he argued, was neither caused by Western exploitation, nor curable by Western aid to Third World governments. In life, Bauer never received the full credit he was due—a result both of his views and of his equally unfashionable habit of expressing those views in essays rather than equations. He did, however, live to see his views widely adopted. R.I.P.

■ In his 1950 book, *The Lonely Crowd*, sociologist David Riesman came up with three good phrases—the title and the adjectives “inner-directed” and “other-directed”—and sold 1.4 million copies. Riesman argued that in expanding, changing societies, people take guidance from inner compasses such as faith or the work ethic. But in stable or contracting societies, they conform to peer pressure. Riesman was hailed as an anatomist of post-war America, and no doubt he was on to something. But, like many a pop sociologist, perhaps he was just describing what he knew—in this case, the mindset of anxiously striving academics. As a rule, people can gain a greater insight into themselves, and others, by reading great literature. The prose is better, too. Prof. Riesman died at 92. R.I.P.

CUBA

There He Went Again

STUDENTS of the long careers of Jimmy Carter and Fidel Castro reacted glumly to the news that the former president would visit the dictator’s island. Castro has a talent, honed over long practice, for bullying and snowing credulous guests. Carter has a talent for credulity, based on his vanity and self-righteousness.

The trip got off to a bad start, with the former president contradicting the State Department on its report that Castro has been developing biological weapons that could be used by terrorists. Why shouldn’t Castro do such a thing? When Carter was president, his armies served as Hessians of the

Soviet empire, garrisoning Communist regimes in Africa. Why not help friendly thugs now? But Carter chose to see no evil.

Once he was in Cuba, he did the celebrity-tourist things. He threw out the first pitch at a Cuban ballgame, under Fidel's watchful eye (Castro's link with baseball must be the most touted connection between sports and politics since French kings boasted about their skills as huntsmen). He toured an AIDS clinic. In his speech to the Cuban nation over Cuban TV, he flattered his hosts by parroting their propaganda about literacy and health care. When Castro took power, Cuba was the wealthiest nation in Latin America; reading and medicine would have become more widespread with increasing capitalist prosperity, without censorship and socialization. Carter also called for an end to the American trade embargo on the regime.

But he then surprised his critics and, no doubt, his hosts, by referring explicitly to the Varela Project, a petition to the National Assembly calling for a referendum on civil rights. Though the Cuban constitution, like the Soviet constitutions of old, nominally acknowledges such rights, Carter explained that "other laws [in fact] deny these freedoms to those who disagree with the government." Prisoners know perfectly well that they are in a jail, and the more cynical jailers know it too. But jailers do not want their prisoners to be told, and they resent the insult of being told themselves. Carter did, and for that he deserves credit.

He will never be a hero in the struggle for human rights in Cuba. That honor belongs to the brave Cubans who push against their tyrannical regime, incurring threats and imprisonment. They make their case boldly and nobly, and with a deeply ingrained wit—who would think to hold a dictator to the letter of his constitution? Castro is used to the world's garlands, from fellow one-party rulers, from Europeans, and from American liberals. But thanks to the Cuban freedom fighters' pushing, more and more of those garlands will contain thorny questions. One day, the pricks may draw blood.

EUROPE

A Murder and Taboos

THE assassination of Dutch politician Pim Fortuyn shocked Europeans, and deserves notice here.

Fortuyn was a 54-year-old maverick, a professor turned journalist turned politician, who upset the cozy world of Dutch politics when his brand-new party won a third of the seats in local elections at Rotterdam, Holland's second-largest city. Fortuyn, who called for lower levels of immigration and lower taxes, and for a crackdown on crime, was sometimes called a populist, but more often a right-winger, or an *extreme* right-winger. His party was contesting the national parliamentary elections when he was gunned down.

His death is the most lurid symbol of the vilification of conservative opinion in the brave new world of the EU. While it is often wrong to extrapolate from the deeds of lone gunmen,

Fortuyn's murderer may well have been politically motivated. Dutch police are holding a 32-year-old eco-activist—a man of the wild Left. The timing of Fortuyn's murder, within a fortnight after the French presidential elections, was also suggestive. As all the world knew, Jean-Marie Le Pen made it into the French run-off. Le Pen is a demagogue who has said deplorable things. But in a race that included a former Trotskyite (Lionel Jospin), as well as current Communists, of both the Third and Fourth Internationals, it was grotesque to treat him as a portent of the end-times. In Europe, radicals and totalitarians of the Left are part of the order of things, but the non-establishment Right is beyond the pale.

Consider, also, the elasticity of European definitions. The 73-year-old Le Pen carried the baggage of a French Right tainted by Algerian violence and by Vichy. Economically, he was also an old-fashioned French statist. Fortuyn, in most of his beliefs, was a lefty libertarian. He supported drug legalization and euthanasia, two popular Dutch nostrums; he was an ostentatiously out homosexual. But if one breaks ranks on immigration—and on the related issue, in Europe, of urban crime—one is lumped in a monolithic "Right," cheek by jowl with Hitler. The vehemence of the European taboos bespeaks an elite facing a problem it dare not address. The more it stonewalls, the more success corsairs like Le Pen and Fortuyn will have. The leadership of America's major parties is equally unwilling to discuss the immigration issue, but because American politics is more decentralized and more democratic, it does pop up from time to time.

The specific immigration problem that Europe faces suggests a bifurcation of the threat. Le Pen and Fortuyn were outspoken about the Islamic *reconquista* of Europe—what Fortuyn called "immigrants from rural Muslim cultures that don't assimilate." Hermetic Middle Eastern communities in the United States provided safe havens for some of the 9/11 hijackers as they prepared their deadly attacks. Our most pressing problem, however, especially in Florida and the Southwest, is immigrants from Latin America. They would pose massive problems of assimilation even if we decided to require them to assimilate. But they have not killed thousands of our citizens. Even as we seek to control our borders and propagate our culture, we should also count our blessings.

NEW YORK

Happy Birthday

THE New York Conservative Party celebrated its 40th anniversary at a resplendent party in the City at which the Vice President the United States and the Governor of New York were among the grandee guests.

The Party—the arithmetic speaks for itself—was founded in the drear political year of 1962, by (R.I.P.) two young lawyers, J. Daniel Mahoney and Kieran O'Doherty. The idea was to breathe life into the Republican Party of New York, at the time a servile instrument of Nelson Rockefeller (gover-

nor) and Jacob Javits (senator). The new party thought to give political life to New Yorkers who resisted the call of statism as an answer to everything, and who yearned for good education, resented the rise of crime, and unequivocally opposed Soviet foreign policy. The Party soon displaced the Liberal Party in votes garnered, enlivened (and amused) New York City by fielding our Editor-at-large for mayor in 1965, and then hit a home run by electing James L. Buckley to the Senate, the first U.S. Senate victory for a third party since Bob LaFollette's win as a Progressive in 1920.

Mike Long is the long-term, engaging chairman of the party, but enthusiasm flirts with promiscuity in the matter of

George Pataki, the Republican governor who courts the endorsement of the Conservative Party. Gov. Pataki is a liberal on all political matters. He is in favor of more gun control, more spending, more deference to labor unions. He would oppose abortion only if it threatened the population of gays and lesbians. The party should find an alternative. One possibility is Phil McConkey, a businessman, graduate of the Naval Academy, and registered member of the Conservative Party. We wish him every success in contending for the endorsement of the Conservative Party, which has done so much historically for the survival of a political alternative for New Yorkers.

■ NOTES & ASIDES ■

■ Dear Bill: I delighted in your long-ago [see below] letter about *velleity*. I've never in my life put that horse in harness, and you were hitching it to an incomprehensible sentence 22 years ago! These days, like Good Old Joe, I have a twitchy moribund *velleity* to get out of bed in the morning, i.e., a desire unconsummated because of insufficient resolution.

Do you limit *collision* to the meeting of two *moving* bodies? The authorities appear to be divided, but as always, your word is final.

Affectionately,
Kilpo
[James Jackson Kilpatrick]
Washington, D.C.

Dear Kilpo: I'm in Switzerland, without the appurtenances I have in Stamford, so I can only comment from my sense of the word. But surely it requires two parties in travel?

I will stick it in Notes & Asides and maybe come through with something more thoughtful.

Affectionately, Bill

To the Editor [New York Times, Feb. 14, 1980]: I am aware that you do not publish on your editorial page complaints from victims of your book reviews, save on the exceptional occasion when there is grave factual error. I plead that exception in replying to Anatole Broyard's review of *Who's on First*, in your issue of Feb. 6.

Permit me to interrupt my complaint just long enough to profess my admiration for Mr. Broyard and my gratitude for the seriousness with which he analyzed my book, reaching conclusions that gave me great satisfaction. I recoil only at his suggestion that I used certain words incorrectly or ineptly.

Now, no one wishes the New York Times to become an organ of verbal disinformation, and so, to dispose of Mr. Broyard's quarrel with my word "velleity," I quote the context in which it was used: "Ambassador Yevgeny Silin, an old-timer, had been en route to Moscow the very day Stalin died—because it had been after Stalin's twitchy moribund velleity to liquidate Silin"—i.e., a desire unconsummated because of insufficient resolution. The word could not have been more accurately, not to say exquisitely, used since its coinage.

Concerning the word "transpire," I disclose a secret. I used to misuse the word. Until I read an essay published in the Saturday Review by Ben Ray Redman in which he pointed to three or four words most regularly misused in English, and one of these was "transpire." That was in 1950, while I was still an undergraduate, and since that time I'd as likely misuse the word "transpire" as the Bureau of Standards would tell you that a kilo weighs 32 feet per second squared.

Your readers should know that the difference between usage and abuse is safely defined as the

correspondence between the way in which I use a word, and the way others use it, supposing an unfortunate disparity.

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.
New York

Kilpo: Hang tight on collision.

XB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: I am absolutely appalled by what I read in the newspapers and hear on the radio and TV about 9/11. We are all being bombarded with news about 9/11 this and 9/11 that. I consider this to be an abomination and a cruel use of the English language.

I am therefore asking my friends whether they have any plans for the 7/4 weekend and whether they plan to send any 12/25 presents this year.

David B. Magee
Rye, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Magee: Your point is interesting. After it happened, I wondered (idly) what they would come up with. I heard "Ground Zero" nominated, but thought that less than good, its referent being geographical, not historical. I don't particularly mind 9/11, though I'd prefer September 11. On the other hand, there is nothing we can do about it. As my scholar-dean taught us, *There is no law save usage*, and that was in 49/00.

Cordially,

—WFB

Death of an 'Extremist'

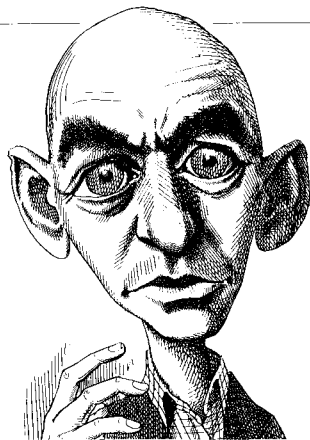
The assassination of Pim Fortuyn should make us think hard

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

PIM FORTUYN'S assassination by an "environmental activist" in Holland, like the shaking of a kaleidoscope, produces dramatically different new patterns of politics. Together with September 11, it tells us that old political orthodoxies are breaking down and new political alliances are being formed.

Initially, the U.S. and West European media told us that we should see the assassination ambiguously, as a murder that was almost deserved because the victim was "far right," "an extremist," "ultra-right," "the Dutch Le Pen," etc. (His presumed murderer merited nothing worse than "activist.") Nor was Fortuyn alone the threat. As the Associated Press put it, his rise "mirrored a right-wing resurgence in several European countries, lately high-lighted by the anti-immigrant Jean-Marie Le Pen's surprise showing."

Within a short time, however, Fortuyn's real political opinions began to be reported (mainly via the network of libertarian and conservative web-loggers on the Internet). Pim Fortuyn, it turned out, represented the slightly oddball pacific liberalism of post-1960s Holland. He was a gay libertarian whose main deviations from Dutch orthodoxy were that he favored Thatcherite economics, wanted to subject further moves toward European integration to the sovereignty of democratic Holland, called for a halt to immigration on the grounds that high-density Holland was "full," and believed that Muslim immigrants already there should assimilate to the liberalism of Dutch society. The press had to bend him out of philosophical shape in order to make him a fascist threat. Mark Steyn parodied their efforts wonderfully with his imaginary BBC announcer declaring, "Not since the 1930s have we witnessed the disturbing spectre of so many gay professors on the march across Europe in their screamingly camp jackboots."



The late Pim Fortuyn by Roman Genn

Exactly the same combination of oversimplification and outright falsehood could be found in the media picture of an "extreme right" resurgent throughout Europe. It is in reality a multitude of anti-establishment attitudes. The Danish "extreme right" party, for instance, wants to protect its nation's welfare state from the demographic pressures of high immigration. Le Pen may be an anti-Semite at heart, but his voters seek a crackdown on the high levels of crime, including attacks on Jews. Fortuyn wanted to preserve the ultra-tolerant liberalism of Holland (that allowed, among other things, his own recreational drug-taking and promiscuity) against the puritanism of the growing Muslim minority. And so on. None of these attitudes, however, is currently acceptable to European elites. Their articles of faith are that immigration is necessary and politically unavoidable, that opposition to Muslim immigration in particular is a far greater problem than the immigration itself, that nationalism is a backward and illiberal doctrine, and that the protest parties are simply expressions of racism and economic insecurity.

They cannot admit that human-rights liberalism and a genuine multiculturalism are incompatible and that some cultures, notably Islamic ones, reject major ele-

ments in the West's concept of human rights—such as equality between the sexes. Underlying that inability is a failure to grasp that liberalism is itself a Western invention, or that it is part and parcel of the national identity of individual Western nations in subtly varying forms. The press treats all nationalism as incipient fascism, even though Fortuyn's patriotism incorporated Holland's tolerance of homosexuality, and a British patriot might be especially proud of the Royal Navy's suppression of the slave trade.

In short, there are such things as liberal nationalisms and nationalist liberalism—something incomprehensible to orthodox multicultural liberal opinion and thus increasingly dangerous to it.

As the contradictions within multicultural liberalism have become more obvious, these nationalist strains of liberalism have begun to gain ground against the dehydrated ideologies of the social-democratic/corporate-conservative establishment. And they are pushing four electoral groups—feminists, gays, Jews, and the proletariat—away from their traditional left allegiance toward new allies on the right. Feminists were the first to argue that Muslim values conflicted with the liberation of women as understood in the West. It is almost ten years since the British feminist writer Fay Weldon published a pamphlet attacking the idea that a multicultural West should allow such innovations as arranged marriages or a restricted education for girls. Today the presence of large Muslim communities, some supplying volunteers for the Taliban, is pushing feminists toward a recognition that Western society, however theoretically patriarchal, has many features worth defending.

Gays are moving in the same direction. In their case, economic self-interest joins a sense of cultural threat to make conservatism appealing and the bureaucratic Left much less so. As the former British Tory MP, Matthew Parris, himself gay, argued in the *London Times*: "Add the economic individualism which accompanies a man who has left home, plus the particular fear of violence which haunts those for whom the terrors of the school playground find their echo later in a nervousness of jobs, and you have the ingredients not only of Pim Fortuyn's free-market economics, but of his message on law and order too." Pim's politics

also overlap with those of Andrew Sullivan, the former *New Republic* editor who has been among the most severe critics of "Islamofascism."

Jews, of course, are nervous of multiculturalism because they are nervous of Muslims. The fear of anti-Israeli Muslim violence is augmented by the reasonable suspicion that anti-Semitism now comes more from the multicultural Left than from the nationalist Right. And this may also explain why, according to opinion polls, American Jews—though they face much lesser threats—are beginning to reconsider their long support for immigration. And blue-collar workers are hostile to liberal multiculturalism because they are more unashamedly patriotic than the middle classes, face low-wage competition from the immigration encouraged by multiculturalism, and associate the rising crime wave with that immigration (not always wrongly). Support for the National Front in France came disproportionately from the old left-wing working-class areas, as the Communist vote collapsed. A multicultural Left is resented by the Left's traditional supporters.

Realignments, however, are complicated matters. Just as gays, lesbians, Jews, and workers may be moving into a liberal-nationalist coalition, so the religious Right is tempted to flirt with conservative Muslims. Melanie Phillips, a social-conservative British columnist, found Pim Fortuyn both admirable and repellent. She admired his courage, style, and cultural self-confidence, but objected to his moral libertarianism. He personified for her the collapse of traditional Christian values in Europe. And she warned that if this hedonistic post-Christian vacuum continued, then an energetic Islam might eventually fill it to provide at least some moral foundation for society.

This would, of course, be an alien foundation—hostile not only to drug-taking and promiscuity but to many essential liberal values. Yet Phillips's arguments are serious ones. Until September 11 there were signs that the religious Right in the U.S. might join with Muslims in the defense of traditional morality against a secularizing state. But the fact that some Muslims supported the attack on the World Trade Center, the widespread Muslim hostility to an Israel now supported by the Christian Right, and the fact that the anti-liberalism of Islam goes far

beyond what most conservative Christians would accept (as Phillips herself points out) mean that any Muslim-Christian political alliance is now a pipe dream. The Christian Right remains in the conservative coalition to give a welcome to the gays and feminists not dissimilar to that tendered by Europeans to another boatload of asylum-seekers.

Can an alliance of gays, feminists, nationalists, libertarians, blue-collar workers, and religious voters be assembled in opposition to the multicultural establishment either in Europe or the U.S.? Judging from an intellectual standpoint, no: These are philosophically incompatible groups. But politics is a practical activity, not an intellectual one. As Denis Healey once said, if you can't ride two horses at once, you shouldn't be in the bloody circus. Major political parties like the GOP or the Tories often manage to keep irreconcilable groups united, over decades, in the quest for power. And where the mainstream conservative parties have drawn nationalist voters into their coalition alongside moral traditionalists and economic libertarians, they have not only won power; they have also softened the sharp philosophical edges of all the groups concerned.

Curiously, however, the success of moderate conservatives in drawing such voters away from fringe parties seems to irk the establishment even more than the rise of fringe parties. In an election on the same day as the French first round that elevated Le Pen, Viktor Orban's conservative coalition in Hungary won 49 percent of the vote and became the first all-encompassing conservative coalition on the Anglo-American model in Central Europe. Indeed, Orban drove the fringe nationalist party out of parliament altogether by winning over its voters. This remarkable democratic achievement was described by the *New York Times* as "ominous," "dangerous," and "poaching on turf that had once belonged exclusively to Hungary's extreme right-wing, openly anti-Semitic party." None of Orban's policies bear any relationship to this caricature, of course. What he really achieved was the creation of a broad-based conservatism that can respectably challenge Europe's multicultural establishment.

Let us hope that he does not have to be assassinated before the media let us know what he really stands for. **NR**

■ THE WORLD ■

Attitude Adjustment

How the Hungarians got it;
who needs it now

JOHN DERBYSHIRE

THE battle of the Lechfeld, which was fought on a rainy Friday in August of A.D. 955, does not figure in any of those books describing the most decisive or most significant battles in world history—books by historians like Edward Creasy or Victor Davis Hanson. This is a shame, and a bit unfair, but understandable. Lechfeld was decisive—very decisive—but it was decisive only for one small and inconsequential nation: Hungary. Even if not of any great moment to the world at large, though, the battle of the Lechfeld deserves a chapter all to itself in the annals of Attitude Adjustment.

The Hungarians had first showed up in Europe some decades earlier as marauders from the east. Brilliant horsemen, sweeping across the landscape with terrible swiftness on their light steppe ponies, overwhelming the clumsy knights of early-medieval Europe with thick showers of arrows, they terrorized the continent from the late 9th century on. Gibbon speaks of "the black swarm of the Hungarians," and some scholars think that the word "ogre" originates in the old Slavic word *Ugri*, meaning "Hungarian." Colin McEvedy, writing of the situation in Europe round about A.D. 900, says: "The unhappy condition of the West at the time is well shown in the history of Burgundy, a state which would appear to be comparatively inaccessible, but which within half a century was raped by Viking, Moslem and Magyar in turn." ("Magyar" is the Hungarian word for "Hungarian.")

Mr. Derbyshire is an NR contributing editor.

Well, in the summer of 955 the Hungarian army was enjoying a rampage through southern Germany, in support of the enemies of the German king, Otto the First. Unfortunately for them, Otto was a great general, while their own leader—he rejoiced in the name “Bloody Bulcsu”—was a mediocre one. Otto met the Hungarians at the Lechfeld in Bavaria and, after a bitter all-day battle, routed them. According to national legend, only seven soldiers got back to Hungary alive, out of an initial host of 40,000. “The loss of the Hungarians was greater in the flight than in the action,” says Gibbon, “and their past cruelties excluded them from the hope of mercy.”

After Lechfeld, the Hungarians abruptly stopped raiding and settled down to farm the Pannonian plain. Forty years later, their great king Stephen embraced the Cross, and the transformation of the savage Magyar horde into the Christian Kingdom of Hungary was complete. Attitude adjustment, see?

History contains many other instances of attitude adjustment, of course. The Roman conquest of Britain occurred, in theory, with the fall of Colchester in A.D. 43; but it was not a fact until the crushing of Boudicca’s rebellion 17 years later, with a “butcher’s bill” in six digits. Only then did the British adjust their attitude and become good citizens of Rome. More familiar to Americans are Sherman’s “pacification” of the South, and the thorough and devastating defeats of Germany and Japan in World War II. In every case, those who had suffered bloody and catastrophic defeat were thereby persuaded to give up a fight they all too clearly saw they could not win, and adjusted their attitude to deal with the new reality.

All of which came to mind, of course, as a result of reading daily news and comment about the Middle East in recent weeks. My personal approach to Middle East commentary is that in a matter as deep, fraught, and tangled as this, it is not a bad idea to see what really well-credentialed commentators have to say. Now, I don’t mean to imply that such people are going to be infallibly correct. Seriously well-credentialed

people are often seriously wrong. Still, other things being equal, you are considerably more likely to gain genuine understanding from reading Professor Polyglot than from surfing the thoughts of Internet Ike.

■

Attitudes in the Middle East will not adjust until there has been a Lechfeld, a march through Georgia, a Berlin, a Tokyo.

■

In *re* the Middle East, hardly anybody is better credentialed than Walter Laqueur. A bibliography published on Laqueur’s 65th birthday in 1986 ran to 66 pages—and that only covered English-language publications, and omitted a full decade’s worth of daily journalism. Laqueur has written a shelf-full of books on European history, the Middle East, Zionism, terrorism, Soviet affairs, U.S. foreign policy, and so on. This man is, in short, a heavy hitter. So what does this seriously well-credentialed person have to say about the current Mideast situation? Well, in the op-ed pages of the *Wall Street Journal* on March 27, Walter Laqueur unburdened himself:

However inhuman it sounds, the conflict will have to run its course, until both sides have suffered up to and past their breaking point. Only then will there be a willingness to compromise. At the moment, any outside attempt to stop the fighting will not succeed, or will do so only for a very short time.

I think there is some weakness of logic there. Surely it is not necessary for *both* sides to suffer “up to and past their breaking point”? So long as just *one* of them reaches that point, the conflict is over. And whether a “willingness to compromise” will follow, depends (it seems to me) on which side that is. If the Israelis reach that breaking point first, then Israel will be destroyed, and her people killed or scattered, for the third time in history. If the Arabs reach it first, then *they* will

undergo attitude adjustment. That is, they will awaken from their delusions of grandeur and destruction to perceive the dismal failure of their societies in this modern age. Then they will embrace the Cross . . . no, but they might at least embrace constitutional politics and rational economics.

Which one of these eventualities will come to pass, I don’t pretend to know. At this point, either seems possible. Israel, as Pat Buchanan notes in his recent book, is losing the demographic battle, and labors under all the disadvantages that a modern democracy has when dealing with amoral, unprincipled guerrillas supplied from a hinterland of hostile states. On the other hand, the more I learn about the modern Arabs, the more vast and hopeless appears the failure of their societies—political failure, cultural failure, economic failure, and military failure. Numbers alone don’t decide these issues when the systemic gap is wide enough. In the Opium Wars, a few hundred British sailors, working at the end of five-month lines of communication, humbled the Chinese Empire, population over 300 million. Even as the Arabs are pulling ahead in numbers, they are sinking ever deeper into despotism and spiritual squalor. (The current flowering of Islamic fundamentalism is a symptom of that squalor, not a remedy for it.) I wouldn’t personally bet any money on the final outcome of the Arab–Israeli struggle.

“The conflict will have to run its course . . . any outside attempt to stop the fighting will not succeed, or will do so only for a very short time.” It seems a cruel thing to say—yes, an “inhuman” thing—but I believe Laqueur is right on this central point. Attitudes in the Middle East will not adjust until there has been a Lechfeld, a march through Georgia, a Berlin, a Tokyo (God help us, please, not a Hiroshima). All the “peace process” machinations, all the diplomatic to-ing and fro-ing, all the “shuttle diplomacy” busyness is just putting off the evil day. Current U.S. policy—jumping in like a nervous referee to stop the fight as soon as blood is drawn—just postpones the necessary attitude adjustment, and ensures that the eventual great clash will be the more horrible. **NR**

The Unconfirmed

War over judges, escalated

BYRON YORK

YES, there are a lot of important issues at stake in the fight between Senate Republicans and Democrats over the president's judicial nominees. But sometimes it's just personal. Take the case of Lawrence Block, a veteran Republican aide on the Senate Judiciary Committee. Last August, President Bush nominated Block to a place on the federal Court of Claims. Under the unwritten system of senatorial courtesy, Block, who is a favorite of the committee's ranking Republican, Utah senator Orrin Hatch, would receive a swift confirmation with no controversy. After all, what kind of earthshaking matters would he decide on the Court of Claims?

But that's not what has happened. Not only has Block not been confirmed quickly, he is still, more than eight months after his nomination, awaiting any action at all from the committee chairman, Vermont Democrat Patrick Leahy. It's a situation that has left Hatch quietly—and sometimes not so quietly—seething. "I take it as a direct slap," he said recently, with obvious indignation. Away from the microphones, Hatch has said he expected Leahy to "shove it to me" when Democrats took over the Judiciary Committee last year, but this is going too far.

And it's not just Block. Last summer, Bush nominated three other candidates to the Court of Claims (and one more recently), of whom none has been confirmed. Why are Democrats—who say they are primarily worried about keeping "extremists" off the crucial federal courts of appeals, just one step below the Supreme Court—dragging their feet on such low-level appointees? Perhaps they're just "shoving it" to Hatch. But more likely, they're waiting for Hatch to do them a favor in return for committee

action. "They know Hatch will make a deal," says one GOP aide. "So they'll sit there and wait until Hatch trades them something for it, and then they'll move." Perhaps Hatch will agree to let a Democratic initiative move quickly through the committee without a fuss. Perhaps it will be something else. In any event, in the end, Block will be confirmed.

The Block story is insider stuff, but it is one measure of the enmity between the parties on the Judiciary Committee. While feelings on both sides seem to be growing more intense, they are also becoming more focused on a single issue: nominations to the courts of appeals. In the past few weeks, Leahy has actually speeded up considerably the confirmations of lower-level federal district judges, so much so that Republicans are no longer complaining about that. But the circuit courts are another story altogether.

So far, the president has nominated 30 candidates for the courts of appeals. Nine have been confirmed. The rate is even worse for Bush's first group of nominees, the eleven circuit-court candidates he sent to the Hill on May 9, 2001. Of that group, just three have been confirmed. None of the other eight has even gotten a hearing in the year since the nominations. All of this has Republicans worried that Leahy has adopted a strategy that will result in the confirmation of historically low numbers of circuit-court judges. And indeed, a look at confirmation rates in recent adminis-

trations suggests that they are right.

It's difficult to compare the confirmation records from the administrations of the first President Bush and Bill Clinton. Bush I served just one term, and the Senate was in the hands of the opposition party the entire time. Bill Clinton served his first two years with a Senate of his own party, and then six years with an opposition-party Senate. Historically, a president's first two years are his most productive where getting judges confirmed is concerned. In addition, confirmations often slow during presidential election years, when senators are not interested in approving lots of judges from a president who may not remain in office. That said, this is the comparison between the two administrations on the issue of circuit-court judges, using information compiled by the non-partisan Congressional Research Service:

In four years, Bush I nominated 54 people to the circuit courts. Forty-two of them were confirmed, for an overall confirmation rate of 78 percent. The numbers, when broken down, show a dramatic change between Bush's early years in office and those that followed. In his first two years, Bush nominated 23 people, of whom 22 were confirmed, for a confirmation rate of 92 percent. In his last two years, Bush nominated 31 people, of whom 20 were confirmed—a rate of 65 percent.

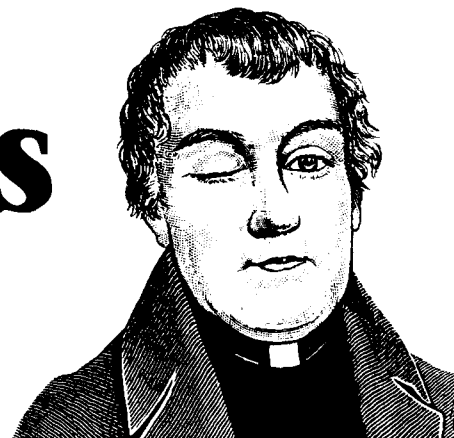
Clinton, during his entire eight years in office, nominated 90 people for places on the circuit courts. He withdrew three of them for various reasons (he discovered problems with the nominations after making them), so the total should actually be 87 nominees. Of that number, 65 were confirmed, for an overall confirmation rate of 75 percent. Breaking that down, in Clinton's first two years in office, when he had a Democratic Senate, he nominated 22 people and had 19 confirmed, a confirmation rate of 87 percent. From 1995 until 2000, when the Senate was under Republican control, Clinton nominated 65 people and had 46 confirmed—a rate of 71 percent.

The bottom line is that 78 percent of Bush I's circuit-court nominees were confirmed by an opposition-party Senate, while 71 percent of President Clinton's nominees were confirmed by an opposition-party Senate. The difference can probably be attributed to two things.



Sen. Patrick Leahy by Ismael Roldan

Treacherous Catholics?



The Vatican thunders against abortion, illicit sex, assisted suicide, dissenting theologians, and more. But in all too many parishes we don't hear much, if anything, about the ongoing slaughter of preborn babies, or the Church's teachings on homosexuality, pre-marital sex, pornography, etc. Papal authority and Hell are taboo subjects. Where's the beef? We just get marshmallows — and platitudes and pop psychology.

Even if these parishes and their priests look Catholic, we may wonder if they're just pretending to be Catholic. Some clerics, we now know, have been pretending to be celibate. Broken vows. Violated trust. Abuse of position. Flagrant sin. A field day for those, especially in the media, who hate the Church. Suspicion cast upon our good, hard-working priests. It's all so *very sad*.

Nobody's perfect. But we expect more of priests than we do of others. The priesthood isn't just another occupation; it's a sacred calling. Priests are charged with the cure, not the ruin, of souls.

Those who make excuses for wayward priests, bishops, and Religious are logically required to excuse all the Jim Bakkers and Jimmy Swaggarts too. This would be to make a farce of Christianity.

Sex scandals in the Catholic Church were few and far between before the sex revolution of the

60s and before Vatican II got misinterpreted to mean "anything goes." So a married priesthood is no cure-all. Indeed, many of the recent offenders aren't attracted to the opposite sex, and remember that Bakker and Swaggart were married men when they fell. Mandatory celibacy isn't the problem.

But we *have* a problem, and it's profound. Broadly speaking, the real problem is that in certain sectors of Catholicism there's been a failure of faith in the teaching authority Christ conferred upon His Church, and consequently a tragic capitulation to a decadent culture. If the full Catholic Faith isn't being preached from the pulpit, we shouldn't be too shocked if it isn't being observed in the rectory either.

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One, Republicans were not in power in Clinton's first two years; had they been, they probably would have confirmed at a rate higher than 71 percent. And two, Clinton's final years were poisoned by scandal and intense political fighting; the president was impeached, and 50 Republican senators voted to remove him from office.

Even so, the figures for Bush I and Clinton are in the same ballpark. And that suggests that there is, for want of a better phrase, an acceptable level of violence that the party in control of the Senate can inflict on the judicial nominees of a president of the other party. Two or three of every ten circuit-court nominees don't make it to the bench.

The problem today, as Republicans see it, is that Democrats are applying the standards of late-term presidencies to George W. Bush's first years in office. Unless Leahy speeds things up, it is possible that the Senate will confirm just half of the president's circuit-court nominees in his first two years in office—a dramatically low rate. “What they are doing is taking the election-year slowdown tactic and applying it to the first couple of years of this administration,” says one GOP aide. “And that's a change in ground rules that we haven't ever seen.”

Perhaps more worrisome is that if Leahy continues with his tactics, the new, slower rate of confirmations may become the norm for future presidents in their first years in office. Then the rate will fall even farther as the president ends his term. The result will be fewer judges confirmed and a significant escalation of White House–Senate warfare.

What can Republicans do about it? As most see it, they have just two options. The first is to make Democrats pay a political price for not confirming nominees. That's easy to say and hard to do: It appears that Democrats paid little, if any, price for their decision to kill the circuit-court nomination of Charles Pickering, and Republicans are not optimistic about making judicial nominations a hot political issue. That leaves the second option: winning back the Senate in November. Both the Bush White House and Senate Republicans know it is the only way to ensure that most of the president's nominees make it onto the bench. If Republicans fail, they will likely face more long years of frustration. **NR**

■ PUBLIC POLICY ■

Governors and Drunken Sailors

Out in the states, they've spent themselves silly

STEPHEN MOORE

DURING the go-go 1990s, no group in America engaged in conspicuous consumption more than the nation's governors. State budgets doubled in size, as lawmakers invented new ways to dole out tax dollars. Most states now spend between \$800 and \$1,000 more *per person* than they did in 1990—and that's after adjusting for inflation. As a new report by the American Legislative Exchange Council says, “Governors spent tax dollars as if the good times would last forever.”

Well, they didn't.

So after years of binge spending and Everest-sized budget surpluses, most states are now swimming in rivers of red ink. California, New York, and Virginia are in particular trouble: Their combined budgets are nearly \$20 billion in the red. “We didn't get a rainy day,” New York governor George Pataki announced in his budget message earlier this year, “we got a monsoon.”

If New York is facing a monsoon, then pity California, whose residents might begin building an ark. In the history of state government, it would be hard to match Gov. Gray Davis's four-year record of financial ineptitude. When Davis took over as governor, the state had a \$7 billion two-year budget surplus and was the picture of financial health. After he inflated the budget by some \$30 billion—a 32 percent budget hike in his first term in office—the state is now combating an estimated \$16 billion two-year deficit.

Mr. Moore is an NR contributing editor and president of the Club for Growth.

On the Cato Institute fiscal report card on the governors, Davis earned an F.

At least half of the governors, Republicans and Democrats alike, hold out hope that they can tax their way back to prosperity. The *Washington Post's* David Broder recently wrote with approval that “solid, mainstream Republicans,” such as Pataki, Connecticut's John Rowland, Kansas's Bill Graves, and Tennessee's Don Sundquist, want to raise “a combination of sales, cigarette, and gasoline taxes to close the budget gap.” Virginia's legislature, which is dominated by Republicans, approved a voter referendum for a sales-tax hike. They were cheered on by the state and local chambers of commerce, partnered with the teachers union, who all see these new taxes as the commonwealth's salvation.

In all, eight states want to raise their income-tax rates; five states are contemplating sales-tax hikes; cigarette and/or beer taxes may rise in as many as 14 states; and the price of pumping gas may rise in nine others. “From Albany to Sacramento, this year could bring the biggest combined tax increases in at least a decade,” says a new state budget analysis from A. B. Laffer Associates. The most predictable story is coming out of New Jersey, where the honeymoon of newly elected Democrat Jim McGreevey has come to a premature end: He has now disavowed his campaign promise not to raise taxes.

As a candidate, McGreevey preached a populist, Reaganite message of fiscal discipline. To keep the budget out of the red, he proposed cutting back on expenditures by streamlining government. McGreevey even criticized New Jersey Republicans—with much accuracy—for fiscal mismanagement, overspending, and excessive reliance on debt. Now he wants a half-billion-dollar business-tax hike (“loop-hole closings”) and higher tobacco taxes. He had it right the first time around.

Another prominent about-face has occurred in Minnesota, where Jesse Ventura has proposed raising a series of fees and sales taxes to keep the state out of debt. This and other political mis-cues—the XFL debacle, his attack on religion—have Ventura battling anemic approval ratings.

Will the governors ever learn? During the economic downturn of the early 1990s, the states that raised taxes to try

to balance their budgets dug themselves into deeper financial holes. These tax-hiking states lost businesses and taxpayers, prolonging their individual recessions. California, Connecticut, and New Jersey suffered the most painful consequences. In 1991 and 1992, these three states raised income taxes only to see tax revenues decline still further as upper-income homeowners and businesses fled to more tax-friendly climates like the Carolinas, Florida, Nevada, and Texas.

Many other states learned the lessons of the Laffer curve the hard way when they found that the higher tax burdens they imposed actually generated less revenue from taxes. In fact, after California raised its income taxes on the rich to nearly 10 percent in 1992, the state actually lost domestic population (and revenues) for the first time in its history, as tens of thousands of Californians packed up and moved to havens like Seattle and Las Vegas that don't have an income tax. New Jersey's tax receipts grew twice as fast in the two years after Christie

Whitman cut the income tax as they had in the two years after her predecessor, Jim Florio, raised it.

But the most remarkable tax-cutting success story is Michigan. When John Engler was first elected governor in the early 1990s, the Rust Belt economy was in the doldrums. Engler horrified his critics by cutting income taxes during a recession, freezing state-agency spending, and chopping low-priority programs. Over the

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Many states learned the lessons of the Laffer curve the hard way.

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next five years, Michigan led the nation in job creation and income growth. (Alas, even Engler seems to have forgotten this fiscal lesson. This year he has advocated new fuel taxes, while leading the charge as chairman of the National Governors Association for a nationwide pact to raise Internet taxes.)

Michigan was no fiscal anomaly in the 1990s. The states that lessened their tax burdens the most over the last ten years created almost twice as many jobs as the states that increased their tax burdens. Too many of today's governors refuse to accept this economic reality and are poised to repeat the mistakes of the past.

Do states have any real options in cleaning up the fiscal mess? The tax-raising governors and most state legislators say they're plumb out of alternatives. They blame their budget crises on factors beyond their control—the recession, terrorism, and rising health-care costs. This cop-out has prompted the governors to go begging to Washington for federal handouts. The most fashionable solution brought forward by state lawmakers and liberal think tanks is to resurrect the Nixon-era program of revenue sharing. This would be a sweet deal for the cash-strapped governors, who would get tax dollars from Washington to spend as they wished with no accountability and without the political peril of having to wrestle the money out of their own voters. In the

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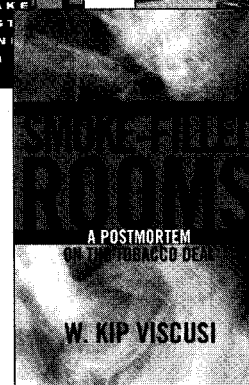
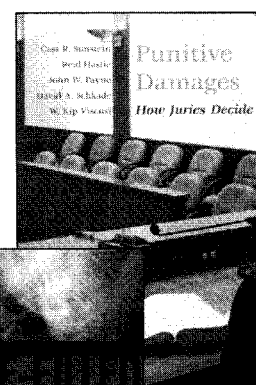
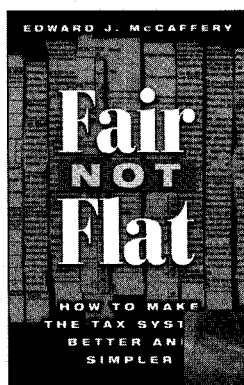
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1970s, states used their revenue-sharing dollars for such projects as bowling alleys, statues, luxury hotels, and sports stadiums. By the mid 1980s, even liberal Democrats in Congress agreed that the program was no more than a slush fund for the states, and killed it.

Of course, there is another option available to the states: belt tightening. This solution makes the most sense, since it was loose spending that created the crisis in the first place. Not surprisingly, the states in the bleakest budget condition are the ones that binged the most in the '90s. In debt-ridden New York, for example, the research group Change NY found that if Albany had simply restricted increases in expenditures to the rate of inflation from 1995 to 2001, state spending would have totaled \$10.8 billion less, resulting in a revenue surplus.

Where, one wonders, are this generation's supply-side governors? There are a few. Bill Owens of Colorado has unflinchingly enforced the state constitution's spending-limitation measure, which prevented lawmakers from spending surpluses even in the late '90s when the state was flush with cash. Thanks to Owens's tightfistedness, Coloradans will be the only Americans to receive a state tax cut this year.

The November elections—which include 36 governor's races—could bring in a promising new crop of young, pro-growth fiscal conservatives. Bill Simon, the GOP nominee for governor of California, wants to cut the capital-gains tax rate by half. In South Carolina, Mark Sanford is running armed with a plan to abolish the state income tax over the course of the next decade. Oklahoma's outgoing governor, Frank Keating, has a plan to slash the state income tax in half, and his likely successor, former congressman Steve Largent, promises to finish the job. If elected, these brash newcomers could be just what is needed to change the hazy thinking and profligate spending that are now the rule in state capitals.

"We're the conservative reinforcements," says Arizona's Matt Salmon, who along with Largent and Sanford makes up an impressive troika of Class of '94 former congressmen running for governor. "Look at our records. We're proven tax cutters, not tax raisers." The elections can't get here soon enough. **NR**

■ CULTURE WATCH ■

A Fundamentalism of Their Own

With the Atheists in Boston

ANDREW STUTTAFORD

ON Good Friday, when others were in church, I visited an atheists' convention. Choosing to hold the gathering—the 28th National Convention of the American Atheists—over the Easter weekend was, their president explained, not much more than a matter of favorable hotel rates. Ellen Johnson smiled as she said this: It was not a claim that a skeptic would expect anyone to believe.

So America's infidels gathered in their doubters' redoubt, a nondescript Hyatt on the grounds of Boston's Logan airport, transformed for a few days into a heretic Vatican. Around 250 souls (maybe that's not the word) had turned up for the fun, typically bright, somewhat eccentric sorts, often with the style sense of faculty members at a failing community college. Guys, shoulder-length hair does not work with bald on top. Oddballs? Well, the affable man sitting next to me did spend a surprising amount of time busily crossing out the word "God" from his dollar bills. Cranks? Judging by the pamphlets on display outside the main auditorium, quite possibly, although, to be fair, I did not witness anyone actually picking up a copy of *The Unpleasant Personality of Jesus Christ*.

It was not, it has to be said, a conservative crowd. Mentioning George W. Bush in a speech was better for jeers than for cheers. I did run into one likeable rightist. "National Review, eh? There aren't many of us here." Not that it worried him. As a nonbeliever from the South, he was used to being in a minority, and he

Mr. Stuttaford is a writer based in New York.

was enjoying the opportunity for a little secular chitchat. Why the atheists? Well, the humanists were "just too touchy-feely." He had a point. Apart from one appalling moment when a hunched-shouldered woman whimpered that she was "afraid," there was none of the mush-'n'-gush that so often mars public gatherings nowadays. Refreshingly, too, there was little talk of "the children," although the enthusiasm that greeted the recital of an essay on school prayer by the young daughter (she's against) of an atheist from Alabama (so's he) had more than a touch of the Laura Bush about it.

That isn't to say that emotion was not on display. This was not a gathering very typical of the roughly 10 percent of all Americans who have no religious faith (a larger group than Jews, Muslims, Lutherans, or many others). For the most part, such secular folk keep their concerns to themselves. They are, spiritually speaking, part of the Leave Us Alone coalition, indifferent to theological controversy and free from transcendental torment. The Hyatt's heathens were made of more awkward, angrier stuff.

Given their background, that's not surprising. American Atheists is the organization (it has fewer than 5,000 members) founded by the "most hated woman in America," Madalyn Murray O'Hair, whose litigation brought an end to organized school prayer. She was a famously confrontational character, and even today her successors are a touch irritable. Contrary to rumor, there are no horns on their heads, but watch out for the chips on their shoulders. These are the Wahhabis of atheism, disbelief's true believers. Oppressed by their sense of oppression, they also show signs of succumbing to the temptation of that most pernicious of contemporary cults, the cult of the victim.

There were tales of social anxiety, embarrassment, and snubs, regrettable certainly, but hardly the Inquisition. In listening to the anguished protests against trivial slights, it was difficult to avoid the conclusion that this was a group that had lost all sense of proportion. On September 11, the United States was subjected to murderous assault at the hands of religious extremists. In addition to the carnage, bin Laden's war represents an attack at the ideological and spiritual level: It is a

challenge to the West and to its enlightenment. Hog-tied by the pieties of multiculturalism and constrained by a perceived need to appease Muslim "allies," this country has proved incapable of mounting an intellectually effective response. If ever there was a moment for a clear, sensible leadership from supporters of the secular, it is now.

Judging by their convention, however, this is not something that we can expect anytime soon from America's atheist activists. In discussing the aftermath of 9/11, the convention's focus rested not on Islamic fundamentalism but on safer, stupider topics, grotesque in their self-indulgence and irritating in their irrelevance: the iniquity of "God Bless America" (the G-word is, apparently, a problem in a national song) and government's supposedly disgraceful role in the use of religion to comfort a wounded nation. The overthrow (by the reviled George W. Bush, no less) of a real theocracy, that of the Taliban, barely rated a mention. In their obsession with wicked old Christianity, these atheists seemed to be lost in yesterday's struggle. They were ready to fight the Kaiser, but it is Hitler who is now in town.

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These atheists seemed to be lost in yesterday's struggle.

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There were, it was true, a couple of lectures that dealt with the threat from Islamic extremism. The first, on "holy terror," had the merit of making the point that there was a need to defend and to promote Western culture, a rare assertion in contemporary America. The second was a talk by "Ibn Warraq" (prudently, he uses a pseudonym), the author of *Why I Am Not a Muslim*, a book with a title and theme echoing that of Bertrand Russell's *Why I Am Not a Christian*.

Brought up a Muslim on the Indian subcontinent, Mr. Warraq is a slightly old-fashioned figure, a shabbily genteel man with more than a hint of India's mid-20th-century intelligentsia about him. His talk (blunt in language and sharp in logic) was a fascinating analysis

both of the roots of Islam and of its association with today's religious violence. How accurate it was, I'm not expert enough to judge, but it is worth remembering that Lord Russell never had to conceal his real name. Certainly, in its analytical and textual rigor, Ibn Warraq's lecture was a considerable improvement on the patronizing sugarcoating that usually passes for discussion of Islam, the "religion of peace."

Revealingly, though, the time dedicated to these two talks was no greater than that allocated for slapstick: a presentation on religious kitsch ("Bibleman" has, appropriately enough, so far as skeptics are concerned, to be seen to be believed) and a guide to some of the more demented Christian websites. Both these lectures were amusing enough, but the emphasis placed on them suggested an audience more comfortable with taking cheap shots than concentrating on what really matters. A talk on the cloning controversy revealed the same flaw. The opportunity for serious argument was lost in the course of an endless joke involving foreskins, nuns, and a hermaphroditic divinity. The joke wasn't funny and, in the context of a convention of atheists, was about as shocking as a striptease in a brothel.

It was also a wasted opportunity, but perhaps this was at least partly inevitable. Any convention, unless choreographed by Elizabeth Dole, is bound to include some partisan entertainment to rally the troops. Nevertheless it was a shame. There is a need for a more frank discussion about those areas where the dictates of religion and the requirements of science come into conflict, but such a happy moment seems a long way off. After all, even debates between faiths are off-limits these days, deemed too tricky for our era of moral relativism and exquisite PC sensitivity. The virtue of good judgment has been turned into the vice of "judgmentalism," and we live with the result: an era of religious hucksters and New Age nonsense, a time of woolly thinking when no distinction is made between the writings of St. Augustine and the babblings of some two-bit West Coast Wiccan.

Could atheism be an antidote? You do not have to be a nonbeliever to see that

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its theoretically rational philosophical method could play a part in restoring notions of reason and objectivity to a society that regards both with suspicion. If the Boston atheists are any indication, however, you *do* have to be an optimist to think that this could happen. Fundamentalism, it was obvious that weekend, does not depend on a god.

Still, there were times when the convention showed what could be. There was Mr. Warraq's talk, for instance, and, perhaps most striking of all, a lecture by Michael Cuneo, a professor from New York City, an expert on delusions of devilry, and those who prey upon it. In an amusing presentation, he spoke of ceremonies that combine the best of *The Exorcist* with the worst of *Elmer Gantry*. This was skepticism at its good-humored, informative best, an inspiration, one would think, to the Hyatt's goddess horde. But there was one small irony.

Prof. Cuneo teaches at Fordham, a Jesuit university, and, yes, he's a Catholic.

NR

■ CULTURE WATCH II ■

Come and See the Hanging!

The tapestries at the Met are a once-in-a-lifetime event

ROGER KIMBALL

NOW for the good news. The most extravagantly praised exhibition in New York this season is not the pathological product of some "transgressive" freak but a stunning collection of Renaissance tapestries assembled from some two dozen collections in Europe and America. Is this a trend? At least since Andy Warhol observed that "art is what you can get away with," the tony precincts of the New York art world seem to have been devoted to obliterating the line between garbage and art. How extraordinary, then, that at the very moment the Whitney Museum of American Art is parading the usual trash in its infamous Biennial Exhibition, and the Museum of Modern Art is celebrating the malevolent absurdities of Gerhard Richter, a deeply traditional exhibition a few blocks uptown should garner the lion's share of the praise.

It is too soon to say whether the grateful attention lavished on the Metropolitan Museum's exhibition—*Tapestry in the Renaissance: Art and Magnificence*, through June 19—signals any sort of sea change. But there can be no doubt that it is a welcome event. The exhibition is, quite simply, the most stunning exhibition in New York—so stunning that you should be prepared to see it more than once. Many of these tapestries are huge—they cover an entire wall—and so crowded with narrative detail that they are likely to overwhelm viewers when first seen. You leave the galleries impressed but dazzled.

Mr. Kimball is managing editor of *The New Criterion*.

I have to admit that I was skeptical about this exhibition when I first heard about it. I mean, tapestries are perfectly okay, but . . . Sure, I like the famous Unicorn Tapestries at the Cloisters as well as the next person. (One of the Unicorn Tapestries—"The Unicorn Defends Itself"—is included in this show.) But an entire exhibition devoted to tapestries? A bit drab, surely. I read about the exhibition in advance: Ho-hum. Forty-one Renaissance tapestries from France, Italy, and the Netherlands, along with various preparatory cartoons and set-pieces about the techniques of weaving. A bit artsy-craftsy for my taste, I thought; so I was late seeing the exhibition. It was only when an artist friend rang up to extol it that I decided I must take a look. He is not a person who dispenses praise promiscuously and I cannot remember him ever being more enthusiastic about a show. Then another artist buttonholed me at a party and gave the exhibition an even hotter endorsement. Indeed, everyone I knew who saw the exhibition simply raved.

They were right to. Step into the first gallery and you are confronted by "The Death of Troilus, Achilles, and Paris," a gigantic battlefield of color, movement, and visual intensity. The eighth tapestry from an eleven-piece set, this 31-foot behemoth was woven in the Netherlands in the late 15th century. It is a swirling vortex of color and narrative, drawing the eye in and across a field of sword- and pike-bearing warriors and prancing horses. It is a scene of stylized mayhem, with punctured and decapitated heroes piled one on top of another. Patches of calligraphy serve not only to explain the action but also to embroider it, counterpointing the bloody reds and glittering blues of the figures with filigrees of ivory. Looking at this roiling explosion of form and color you think of what Jackson Pollock might have accomplished had he been able to draw.

These sumptuous wall-hangings are, in the words of the excellent catalogue that accompanies the exhibition, movable "woven frescos." They were designed to be extravagant gestures, monuments to magnificence, offerings to the god of opulence. They were not so much decorations or furnishings as declarations of potency, affirmations of affluence. Woven from the finest wools and silks and gold-

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and silver-wrapped thread, infused with the most brilliant dyes, these tapestries were prodigiously labor-intensive. A skilled weaver might complete a square meter of coarse tapestry in a month. Items more finely woven would be completed at the rate of 50–70 centimeters per month. A large, high-quality tapestry might take five skilled weavers from 8 to 16 months to complete. This genre proclaimed the wealth and importance of its patrons and was, as curator Thomas P. Campbell notes in his fine introduction to the catalogue, among the “most widely commissioned figurative art forms in the courts and chapels of the period.” It was also one of the most expensive. The set of ten tapestries depicting scenes from the Acts of the Apostles that Pope Leo X commissioned from Raphael (who did the cartoons) for the Sistine Chapel cost five times more than the frescos Michelangelo had painted a few years earlier. Henry VIII, whose expansive collection of tapestries would have spanned five kilometers if placed end-to-end, spent lavishly on the artworks: The set of “The Story of David” that he bought in 1528 cost £1,500—the price of a battleship, more than the annual income of all but the richest dukes.

Tapestry in the Renaissance is organized chronologically, taking us from about 1420 to 1560, the apex of the art form. Many of the works on view depict religious scenes: the Annunciation, events from the life of Christ or the Apostles, the Crucifixion, the Assumption of the Virgin, and so on. Some commemorate famous battles or portray mythological scenes. Almost all of them tell a story or recall a moral. In many cases, the once-scintillating colors have faded. But even in their somewhat diminished state these works make a powerful impression. The effect is dependent partly on the skill of the weavers—the detail the best were able to achieve is astonishing—partly on the quality of the design. In the hands of a Raphael, Giulio Romano, or Bronzino, the result is an amazing vibrancy. Consider “The Conversion of Saul,” one of the tapestries commissioned by Leo X to decorate the Sistine Chapel. The high drama of that signal moment in the history of Christianity—the moment when Saul, fallen from his horse and temporarily struck blind by God, awakens to his vocation as St. Paul—is captured in a gorgeous symphony of movement abruptly



Detail from “The Unicorn Defends Itself” (ca. 1495–1505)

translated into space. Like several other tapestries, “The Conversion of Saul” boasts a faux bas-relief band underneath the main picture; the way the woven threads replicate the effect of glinting bronze is extraordinary.

This is a once-in-a-lifetime event. The last exhibition on this scale of Renaissance tapestries at the Met was in 1974, and few people believe that another such exhibition on this scale will

happen again: Logistics, insurance, and the fragility of the works make the prospect exceedingly unlikely. This exhibition will not travel. If you are reading this in New York, plan a trip to the Met in the next few days. If you have the misfortune to be elsewhere, remember that spring is a splendid time to visit New York. *Tapestry in the Renaissance* is that rarest of things, an exhibition that really is not to be missed. **NR**

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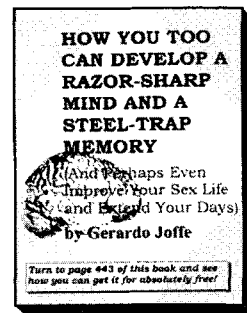
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WE need to replace the World Trade Center towers with something bigger, better, and more beautiful. Some people are nervous (some people are always nervous)—in the age of terrorism, they say, a Manhattan skyscraper is a mere gross provocation, and dangerous. It is a raised fist or middle finger directed at the sulking sultans and all their violent, misfit friends, the creatures who danced in the streets when the towers fell. A new WTC skyscraper is bound to be attacked again, they figure, and will again prove hard to evacuate. So we should lower our sights.

These same people would probably have argued in December 1941 that it would be foolish for the U.S. to risk replacing her Pacific fleet, because navies are a provocation and are always getting into wars. But no American in December '41 was willing for Japanese warlords to shape the U.S. military. Few Americans today are willing for al-Qaeda warlords to shape the Manhattan skyline. Not to replace the WTC with a bigger and better WTC would be dishonorable and, ultimately, cowardly.

But we need a new WTC skyscraper not merely to raise high the banner of our contempt for terrorism; we need skyscrapers the way we needed to put men on the moon. All practical arguments are secondary. America is America, not merely New Zealand with more flavors of pizza, because occasionally we soar. We make magnificent gestures. Manhattan's towering skyline "is to the nation," wrote E. B. White, "what the white church spire is to the village—the visible symbol of aspiration and faith, the white plume saying that the way is up."

The skyscraper is a brand new art form, barely one hundred years old. European engineers (especially Eiffel) made decisive contributions to its emer-

gence, but it is a typically American art form nonetheless. The Chicago firm of Adler and Sullivan were the first real skyscraper-builders. In such designs as the Wainwright Building in St. Louis (1891), they were first to grasp that a skyscraper is not a mere ordinary building with more floors piled on top. The bold vertical ribs of the Wainwright façade are a row of exclamation points in the history of architecture, each one stretched high like a long-limbed child reaching for the cookie jar. A skyscraper does not "sit" on its "site"; it stands erect. ("Site" is the wrong word for the ground beneath a skyscraper.) Skyscrapers play by their own rules, as Adler and Sullivan were first to show.

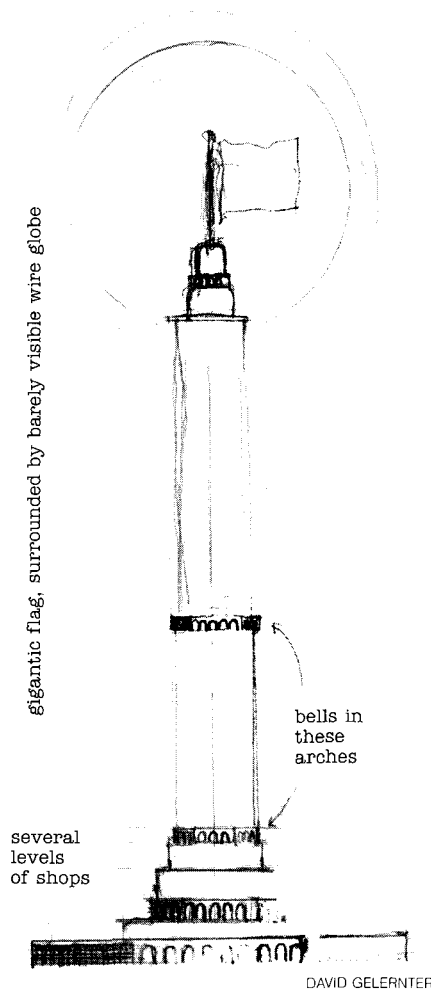
It is beautifully appropriate that this quintessentially American art form, this special object of terrorist outrage, should have been pioneered by a collaboration between the designer Louis Sullivan and the engineer Dankmar Adler—who was the son of a rabbi, born in Germany but trained in the United States. To al-Qaeda, such a collaboration must be utterly mysterious, a violation of the laws of the universe.

AN UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY

The skyscraper is brand new and undiscovered. It is also (in its own way) a violation of the laws of the universe, which is why skyscrapers are so inspiring and (to terrorists) so provoking. Skyscrapers stand for exuberance as a force of nature. To turn over their further development to East Asia, to resign from this game in a funk when we are winning, would be to tell the world that we have run out of ideas, stamina, and daring. We might as well join the crotchety European community and hang out the national "On Viagra" sign, unless we are beyond caring.

It's easy to prove how raw, new, and undeveloped the mammoth skyscraper is. Merely suppose that you have been asked to design a new WTC. Dozens of ideas come to mind instantly.

A skyscraper ought to be firmly con-



Mr. Gelernter, a contributor to *NATIONAL REVIEW*, is a professor of computer science at Yale University. Among his books is *1939: The Lost World of the Fair*.

nected to the ground. We ought to be able to see and feel the right angle where tower meets earth. When the connection is smudged, as it usually is, the building floats overhead like a fairy-castle in the clouds, and dominates instead of amplifying the walker on the street. McKim, Mead and White's Municipal Building of 1914 is a masterpiece of city architecture because (among other things) it straddles Chambers Street in lower Manhattan, and you can walk or drive right through it. (This was a condition imposed on the architects by the city.) The best thing about I. M. Pei's graceless, over-appreciated, pointy-elbowed East Wing of the National Gallery in Washington is the building's sharp prow, where two stone walls come together in an acute angle that you can walk right up to and touch—and everyone does. Countless palms have worn a dark dip in the marble. The first requirement for a successful new WTC is that we be able to lean casually against it.

I can't help picturing this new WTC as a single tower resting on four huge piers at the corners. Approaching the building, you would see a narrow dark strip running between piers. Walking closer you would find stairs leading down into this void, beckoning you into the region directly beneath the building. To walk right underneath a huge tower would be unsettling—and this would be a good place for a memorial to the 9/11 dead. But once I entered this "memorial hall," I might encounter an architectural curve ball. Although the space itself might be shadowy, the ceiling might be bright—I might look up to discover an illuminated interior dome, tiled in something like natural mica.

Manhattan likes vibrant colors to match its vibrant personality, but modern skyscrapers have rarely taken the hint. The turquoise of Raymond Hood's McGraw Hill Building on 42nd Street (1930), the black and gold of Hood's American Radiator Building on 40th (also 1924), the fantastically colorful spire of Cross and Cross's old RCA Victor tower on Lexington Avenue (1931), have rarely been matched in recent skyscrapers. Cesar Pelli's drawings for his MOMA apartment building showed subtle and beautiful colors, but the actual building was a toned-down, blanded-out disappointment, like so many of Pelli's ostensible masterpieces. Roche and Dinkeloo's matching towers at One and Two U.N. Plaza (1976 and '83) are two of the world's loveliest buildings, and they are a beautiful diamond-blue. The ovular Lipstick Tower on Third by Burgee and Johnson (1986)—the only really good building Philip Johnson has ever made—is vivid red. But there aren't many other examples. The new WTC should add color to an under-

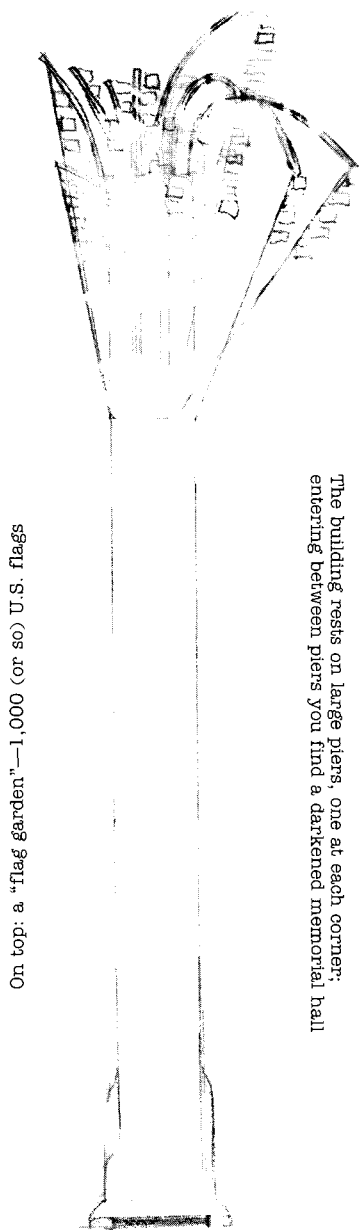
colorful skyline. How can you *help* imagining it in (say) vivid cobalt-blue-glazed brick? (Or deep maroon? Or verdigris with pale-blue highlights?)

Major skyscrapers ought to provide public spaces all the way up. Why couldn't I board an elevator and rise into a public space located somewhere in the bottom third of the tower—and keep rising, eventually entering a second and third public area on my way to the top? A restaurant, shopping mall, or garden could be strung out vertically along the whole length of the shaft. (If New York is such a vertical city, why doesn't it have more vertical art galleries and science museums?) In the post-war era, Manhattan made zoning concessions in return for outdoor public plazas. Today we need more public space *inside* our towers, at every level.

SHAPING UP

The most important thing about a skyscraper is the shape of its floor plan. Architects have barely even started to explore the possibilities. Our towers come in "square," "rectangle," and pistachio, and that's about it. Exceptions are rare. Edward Larrabee Barnes built an elegant triangle-plan tower for IBM in 1983, and Der Scutt's Trump Tower on Fifth (also 1983) is also triangular, sort of. Johnson perpetrated ovals at the Lipstick Building. Daniel Burnham's beloved Flatiron Building (1902) is, presumably, flatiron-shaped. The Pan Am building of 1963 is traditionally described as "lozenge-shaped," but architectural historians have long since given up trying to find out what shape "lozenges" are, and are on the verge of admitting that, actually, lozenges are Pan Am Building-shaped. In any case, this pretty much exhausts our repertory of non-square, non-rectangular towers. And there is almost never any movement (no twisting, no turning) in our square or rectangular shafts.

But why couldn't we have a tower made of stacked cubes that spiral slowly as they ascend? The cubes would all have the same center, but each would be twisted (say) 15 degrees relative to the one directly below. The whole tower would seem to move as it rises. This twisting, striving shaft would evoke the raised right arm of the Statue of Liberty. In fact, if we still went in for the late-'70s and '80s parody style called "postmodern" (or for 1960s Pop Art, which at its best was far more interesting), our course would be clear: We would replace the WTC with a hugely scaled-up version of Liberty's right arm, complete with a gigantic raised torch. This strong right arm of America, proclaiming liberty and



On top: a "flag garden"—1,000 (or so) U.S. flags

The building rests on large piers, one at each corner; entering between piers you find a darkened memorial hall

DAVID GELERTNER

gathering freedom-lovers home, would be a response to terrorist murder that Saddam Hussein could read without his spectacles.

It would be a good shape for a tower; it would make an arresting anchor for the Manhattan skyline. But it would overwhelm the original, and remind us of the effete insincerity that was postmodernism's trademark. Good to imagine but no good to build.

But perhaps instead of spiraling, the tower should be a traditional straight square shaft (in bright-blue brick), with a pair of screened-in helical staircases in light blue or gold, spiraling down the outside like oversized Slinkies. Thus, a square shaft encircled by staircases; the stairs would meet the tower at its corners. One staircase would spiral clockwise, the other counterclockwise. Good for an emergency, better for decoration. (And if one of the staircases were replaced by a slide, you would have one of the world's most popular amusement-park attractions as a bonus—elevator up, slide down—and an even better escape route.)

And come to think of it, I might do the memorial differently: might put it on top. I might encage the tower's spire in a huge geodesic sphere or some other kind of wire-built globe; it would surround the top like a mammoth three-dimensional halo. I'd use the narrowest-gauge wire I could get away with. In daylight you'd barely see the halo, except when the sun caught it just right. Airplanes would see it glinting, and it would be lit at night. The wire halo-globe would suggest other New York landmarks past and present: Lee Lawrie's Atlas shouldering his globe in Rockefeller Center, the Perisphere at the 1939 World's Fair, the great globe in the Daily News Building's lobby, the Unisphere. Halo-equipped, the new WTC would suggest a sort of memorial candle.

Or perhaps the square shaft should be inside the rising, twisting spiral of stacked cubes—but the cubes should be transparent: steel frames covered in nylon window-screening, with concrete bases. On some floors, you'd be able to walk out a door onto the concrete base of an outer cube. You'd be able to stroll round the outside of the building hundreds of feet in the air.

I might put my tower in a shallow grass bowl. New Yorkers need a place where they can lie on the grass and contemplate a skyscraper close-up. I'd have cables or guy-wires running from the very top to this grass plaza, if I could work them in smoothly; I'd want to be able to stand at the bottom and put my hand on a line that

ran straight to the top. That way I myself would be connected to the top. And every tower ought to have swiveling periscope-viewers in the lobby that show views from the roof.

I could go on, but you get the idea. Architects have barely begun to explore the skyscraper's possibilities. They have barely begun to imagine what a gigantic skyscraper means, how it should work and what it should do.

One final detail: The new WTC ought to be the tallest building in the world. That goes without saying. Have we outgrown the need to put the world's tallest building right here? Then let Manhattan apply to a monastery and spend the rest of its days in contemplation and remembrance.

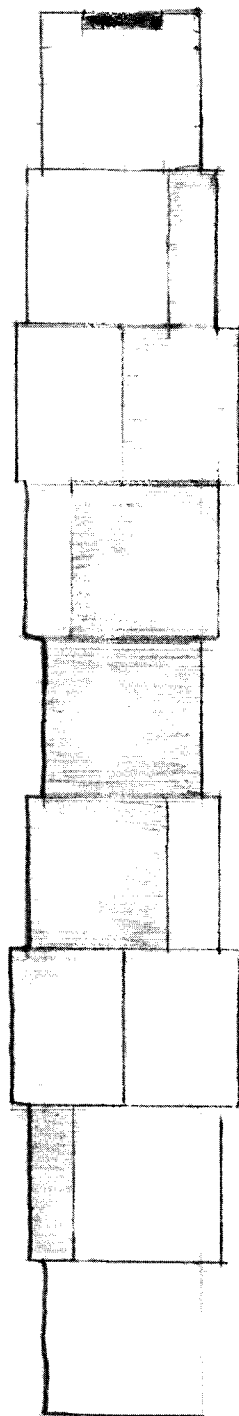
THE POWER OF MIND

Nothing is harder to grasp than change over time. We claim to believe in the inevitability of change, but most of us don't really. We secretly believe that what we see around us is how the world is, period. (To project the consequences of a tax cut, subtract the amount of the cut from projected total revenues as of yesterday. What could be simpler?)

In recent generations, we've always seemed to be going flat-out, burning resources with abandon. Big-picture thinkers keep telling us that we are about to run out of this or that. But we never *do* run out of anything important unless we run out of wisdom and daring first. It's hard to grasp, but the human mind can't compare with the mighty Mississippi or the towering Rockies—because it is no mere lump of matter; it acts, and the world changes. One age's anguish-over-limits is the next age's footnote. Mere natural resources can't hold us back. Only men can hold man back.

America began her skyscraper binge at roughly the same time as the western frontier closed forever. Neither event caused the other, but the two resonate together; they have to do with the same deep urge, to push on and not stop. The best thing about Manhattan's skyline is the story that goes with it. That building used to be the world's tallest (the Woolworth Tower, Chrysler Building, Empire State, and once upon a time the Twin Towers); but not for long. (Remember that.) Why bother, the sophisticates ask, what's the point? It's all just an overpriced boondoggle, like men on the moon. A new world's-tallest-tower in Manhattan couldn't possibly serve any real purpose, it would only be a symbol. And they're right, it *would* only be a symbol. And no purpose is realer than that.

NR



A tower made of stacked cubes, twisting as the stack rises

DAVID GELERNTER

The State of Davis

California's governor is less golden,
but still rich

JOHN J. MILLER

ONCE upon a time—and not so long ago—Gray Davis was the golden boy of the Golden State. California's Democratic governor enjoyed big budget surpluses and the goodwill of the vast majority of his 34 million constituents. At the start of last year, he sat atop a stellar 60 percent approval rating and was well on his way to amassing the \$35 million that now sits in his campaign treasury. He seemed politically invincible, an unflashy but driven operator destined for reelection. There was even speculation of a presidential run in 2004.

Nothing was inevitable about Davis's remarkable rise. In 1998, he was California's lieutenant governor, a job with few responsibilities other than managing a small staff and scanning the newspaper obituaries each morning to see if the governor has died. Many in his own party didn't like him, going back to a nasty ad he had run years earlier in a Democratic primary comparing Dianne Feinstein to Leona Helmsley.

During the 1998 gubernatorial primary, however, his two opponents—a respected member of Congress and a self-financed millionaire—spent tens of millions of dollars attacking each other, making possible a come-from-behind victory for Davis. That fall, he cruised to victory over Republican Dan Lungren and became California's first Democratic governor since Jerry Brown in the 1970s. The future looked bright for Gray.

Then the lights started to flicker: An electricity crisis brought on rolling blackouts, and ended up saddling California with billions of dollars in expenses. Many still blame Davis for what happened. His political predicament is made worse by the widespread perception that he'll do anything to raise a buck for his campaign—including activity that runs perilously close to the limits of the law. Worse, he faces a looming budget gap that may represent the most severe fiscal problem any state has ever faced. Only 42 percent of Californians now approve of his job performance, and half the public thinks the state is on the "wrong track"—a deadly mix for an officeholder seeking reelection, as Davis is doing this year against Republican nominee Bill Simon. The conventional wisdom now sees Davis as the failed governor of a big western state, a man who had everything going his way but let it all fall apart.

The 59-year-old Davis did not stumble blindly into the governor's mansion. The great mistake of liberals seeking statewide office in California, he observed, was appearing soft on crime. Davis became a hard-on-crime Democrat, endorsing the death penalty—never an easy thing for a liberal pol—and promising to uphold the state's three-strikes law. He once even said that his model for law enforcement was

Singapore, where the police cane people for vandalism. (Crime actually has worsened under Davis, but mostly for demographic reasons—such as an increasing population of young men—that lie outside his control.)

Davis, in fact, governs to the right of his own party, especially as it's represented in the California assembly. The state's GOP may be in awful shape, but Davis has been smart enough not to tangle with two of the most important conservative policy achievements of the last six years: the passage of Proposition 209, which banned racial preferences, and Proposition 227, which eliminated bilingual education. He avoided the temptation to undermine them, to the enormous irritation of some in his political base. Davis remains a pro-choice extremist on abortion, but skirts many of the cultural land mines that often blow up in the face of liberals. He did not, for example, wage war against a recent ballot initiative banning gay marriage. (Despite this, the governor is currently trying to shore up his base by suggesting he's open to reparations for slavery and "civil unions" for gays.)

For all the little things Davis has done well, however, he's handled a few big things poorly. Take the post-September 11 terrorist scare. On November 1, Davis received a terrorist-threat advisory from the FBI warning that "unspecified groups are targeting suspension bridges on the West Coast." This information was "uncorroborated," said the communiqué, and it was not to "be furnished to the media. . . . Unauthorized disclosure of FBI communications could jeopardize ongoing FBI investigations." Within hours, Davis was ignoring this request and speaking publicly of a "credible threat" against four specific California bridges, including the Coronado Bridge in San Diego, which is not even a suspension bridge. On November 6, the FBI announced that its information was "not deemed credible." Davis had created an unnecessary panic. Californians needed executive leadership, but got executive confusion instead.

LIGHTS OUT?

The electricity crisis remains the touchiest subject for Davis; he's downright persnickety about it. "I kept the lights on. And this sounds a little presumptuous, but I think I should at least get a round of applause. I don't get squat," he complained to the *San Diego Union-Tribune* earlier this year.

Throughout California's energy crunch, Davis tried to lay the blame for the problem anywhere but at his own doorstep. In the search for scapegoats, he pointed his finger at companies he accused of price gouging, at California's out-of-power GOP, and even at President Bush. Davis's desire to shift responsibility away from himself is understandable: The electricity crisis occurred on his watch, but it was not of his making. Davis inherited a flawed deregulation scheme from Pete Wilson's administration, which made it impossible for power utilities to cope with soaring costs because state-imposed price caps prevented them from passing their real expenses on to consumers. (The enemies of deregulation have said California's error was to deregulate too much, but in truth California didn't deregulate enough.)

Davis may not have caused the electricity problem, but he did fail in his response to it. Two years ago—long before any of this was making headlines—wholesale energy prices start-

ed moving above what utilities were allowed to charge consumers. In the summer of 2000, California's struggling power companies petitioned the state's Public Utilities Commission to let them enter into long-term contracts that would guard against price spikes. The commission approved the idea, but the Davis administration refused to implement it—because Davis didn't want to confront voters who were upset by rising electricity bills.

But there was no good alternative to letting consumers pick up the fair-market tab for rising energy costs. That didn't stop Davis from trying, however, and he spent the fall of 2000 calling for federal price controls and demanding congressional investigations. Davis didn't begin to grapple seriously with the problem until the following January, when he finally authorized the long-term contracts the utilities had requested half a year earlier.

By then, he had no choice: California was losing power. A series of rolling blackouts hit the state, and most people assumed the problem would get much worse. In March 2001, a desperate Davis agreed to pay \$43 billion to supply the state with electricity. In securing these long-term contracts, Davis took a short-term view: He was more interested in solving a personal political problem than in getting a good deal for the state. He wanted the mounting crisis to go away at all costs, and was willing to spend whatever was necessary to make it vanish. He wound up purchasing a huge amount of power when prices were hitting record highs. As a result, Californians are now paying more than they should for electricity—two or three times the going rate.

When the *Union-Tribune* asked Davis if he had panicked when he agreed to those expensive contracts, the governor exploded: "If I didn't panic, you wouldn't be able to put out your paper. I saved this friggin' paper. I kept the lights on in this state! Do you understand that? I kept the lights on!"

Say this much for Davis: The friggin' lights stayed on, and the worst-case scenarios of massive blackouts did not come to pass. Davis can thank the weather for that: California had an unusually mild summer, which kept electricity use down. The public managed to conserve more energy, the recession caused a drop in demand, and federal price caps also lent a hand. Today, however, nobody thinks Davis got a good deal on electricity in 2001—and that includes Davis himself, who has spent much of 2002 trying to undo last year's agreements. Davis may yet find a bogeyman—in Enron. Recent reports suggest that the defunct energy company manipulated prices during the crisis.

FAT CATS OF THE EDUCATION BLOB

Davis wasn't a penny-pincher during the energy emergency, but he counts every dollar coming into his reelection fund. Most politicians regard fundraising as an onerous necessity; Davis appears to revel in it. Garry South—who is to Davis what Karl Rove is to George W. Bush—has said that Davis's campaign work "could amount to 12-hour days in the office

on the phone" raising money. Davis does so much of it, in fact, that his office refuses to release a schedule of his activities.

The governor thinks nothing of asking for seven-figure contributions. In February, he met with California Teachers Association president Wayne Johnson. "We were just sitting there talking and he just out of the blue said, 'You know, I really need a million dollars from you guys,'" recalled Johnson, in a *Contra Costa Times* story. Two weeks later, at a "Read Across America" event, Davis pulled Johnson aside and made his pitch again. The request was not completely unreasonable—in 1998, the union had given Davis \$1.3 million. In return,

Davis helped make California teachers among the highest paid in the country, even though the state's student achievement continues to rank near the bottom. This year, however, Davis had not gotten behind a bill that would have let the teachers union choose textbooks and shape curricula as a part of its labor negotiations—a pernicious idea, but a top goal for the union. As the weeks went by, Davis and the teachers union played a game of chicken: Davis wouldn't back the union proposal, and the union wouldn't cut a check.

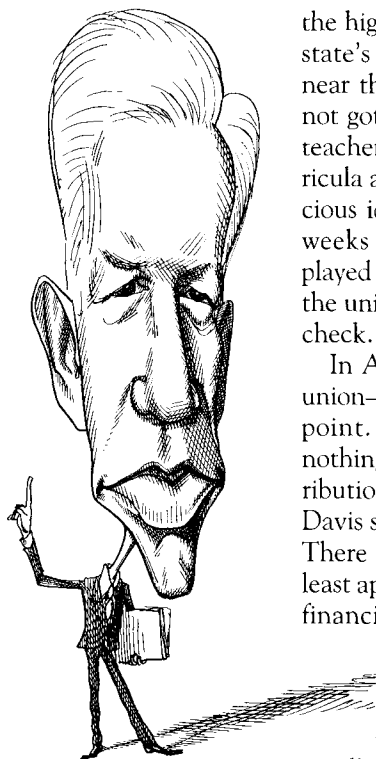
In April, Davis actually came out against the union—a good result from a conservative standpoint. Some union officials insist that it had nothing to do with conviction; it was merely retribution for their decision not to succumb to a Davis shakedown. Their claim is not implausible. There is no shortage of cases in which Davis at least appears to have played quid pro quo with his financial backers. In May, a Davis-appointed

commission said that homeowners must continue using copper pipes for carrying water into homes, rather than plastic pipes that are less expensive and easier to install; within days, Davis received a \$260,000 gift from the pipefitters union. Prior to that, Davis took \$75,000 from the ski industry—and then granted

it an exemption from state law by saying resorts didn't have to pay overtime to their seasonal workers. As part of a road-construction plan meant to ease traffic congestion, Davis proposed building a \$30 million interchange to a desert casino whose tribal owners had spent \$275,000 to elect him in 1998.

One of the most egregious examples so far involves the state's prison guards. They spent \$2.3 million on Davis in 1998 and Davis gave them a 34 percent pay raise last December. The new contract may cost the state \$1 billion annually when it's fully implemented. Davis also proposed closing the state's five privately run prisons, whose employees aren't members of the prison-guard union and therefore don't send big donations to Davis. In March, the union sent another \$251,000 to the governor.

The latest fundraising controversy, however, may turn out to be the biggest. Last year, the Davis administration signed a \$95 million contract with Oracle to supply the state government with computer software. The deal now appears to have been a boondoggle: A state auditor says the software wasn't necessary and the whole package, which was supposed to save



Gray Davis
by Roman Genn

money, may wind up costing taxpayers an extra \$41 million. This is more than a simple tale of bureaucratic incompetence. No other companies were allowed to bid for the work, and the contract didn't go through the normal financial and legal vetting channels. This spring, it was revealed that just a few days after the unusual deal was struck, an Oracle lobbyist gave \$25,000 to the Davis campaign—handing the check directly to Arun Baheti, the state's director of "e-government," at a Sacramento bar. (In early May, Davis sent the money back to Oracle—and also sent Baheti packing.)

California can't afford such budget-busters. Under Davis, state spending has soared, going from \$75 billion a year to \$103 billion—an increase of 37 percent. "There's a simple lesson that Gray Davis refuses to learn: When you spend every penny in sight during the good times, you won't have any around during the bad times," says Tom McClintock, a Republican state senator who is running for controller this year.

Davis should have known better. California was able to go on a spending spree because so much of its revenue relied on capital gains fueled by the amazing but ephemeral performance of technology stocks in Silicon Valley. Like a delirious day trader, Davis seemed to assume this boom would be permanent—and so he essentially wrote it into the structure of the state budget. Sacramento shoveled huge amounts of money at education, health, welfare, and the environment. The state also created 44,000 new government jobs; California's population has increased 5 percent under Davis, but its government workforce has increased by 15 percent.

Estimates of the budget gap have grown steadily larger over the last several months. Back in January, when analysts projected a \$12.5 billion deficit, Davis responded with some spending cuts, plus lots of accounting gimmicks that included borrowing, fund transfers, and the baseless assumption that Congress would soon stuff piles of cash into a fleet of eighteen-wheelers and send it westward. These initial measures didn't go nearly far enough. On May 14, Davis announced a \$23.6 billion shortfall. He could take all of his proposed "savings" from earlier this year and it still wouldn't come close to filling the hole. To do so, he would have to shut down the entire state prison system—twice.

Davis has said he doesn't "intend" to consider a tax hike, but on May 14 he did propose a 50-cents-per-pack increase in the cigarette tax. Democrats in the legislature would like to go further—the senate president, for example, wants to create two new income-tax brackets, with a top rate of 11 percent. Davis surely understands the risks involved, and is pressing for a massive borrowing scheme that pushes reckoning day beyond Election Day.

If California's spending had increased at only half the rate it did under Davis—still a rapid clip—there would be no budget problem. Sacramento would have balanced books and Davis would be coasting toward reelection and possibly thinking about 2004. Though his White House ambitions now appear dashed, success in November remains a strong possibility: California tends to let its governors have second terms, Davis still has a ton of unspent cash in his campaign account, and the latest polls show him running far ahead of Bill Simon. He may very well be reelected, with California ending up paying the price. **NR**

Gay Priests and Gay Marriage

What the one issue has to do with the other

STANLEY KURTZ

THE sex-abuse scandal currently plaguing the Catholic priesthood has already grown to the point where it poses a serious threat to the power, prestige, and credibility of the American Catholic Church. The sky, so to speak, is falling. An institution whose fundamental strength and continuity (whatever its many problems) could once be taken for granted is experiencing a genuine crisis.

Yet, over and above its significance for the Catholic Church, the greatest lesson of this scandal has yet to be drawn. The uproar over priestly sex abuse—especially the calls to do away with both priestly celibacy and the Church's traditional teachings on sexuality—offers spectacular confirmation of nearly every warning ever issued by the opponents of gay marriage. The argument over gay marriage has always turned on the question of whether marriage will reduce gay promiscuity, or whether gays instead will subvert the monogamous ethos of traditional marriage. The priesthood scandal is a stunningly clear case in which the opening of an institution to large numbers of homosexuals, far from strengthening norms of sexual restraint, has instead resulted in the conscious and successful subversion of the norms themselves. Historically and theologically, moreover, priestly celibacy and marital fidelity have always been intimately related. Indeed, there is already good evidence to suggest that today's attack on priestly celibacy heralds tomorrow's assault on the ethos of marital monogamy.

After Vatican II, and in conformity with the broader cultural changes of the Sixties, the U.S. Catholic Church allowed homosexuals to enter the priesthood in increasing numbers. The homosexual orientation itself, it was stressed, was not sinful. So as long as a homosexual adhered to the very same vow of celibacy taken by his heterosexual counterpart, there was no reason to deprive him of a priestly vocation. This was a compassionate stance, and one that promised to incorporate a heretofore stigmatized minority into a venerable institution, thereby strengthening the institution itself.

Yet imagine that an opponent of this new openness to homosexuals in the priesthood had uttered a warning cry. Imagine that someone had said, back in the 1970s, when homosexuals were flooding into Catholic seminaries all over the U.S., that substantial numbers of gay priests, far from accepting the rule of celibacy, would deliberately flout that rule, both in theory and in practice. Suppose that someone had argued that homosexual priests would gain control of many seminaries, that many would openly "date," that many would actively cultivate

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an ethos of gay solidarity and promote a homosexual culture that would drive away heterosexuals—especially theologically orthodox heterosexuals—from the priesthood. Suppose this person went on to argue that, at its extreme, the growing gay subculture of the priesthood would tolerate and protect not only flagrant violations of celibacy, but even the abuse of minors. Then suppose that this person predicted eventual public exposure of the whole sordid mess, an exposure that would precipitate a crisis within the Church itself.

Naturally, anyone prescient—and foolish—enough to say all of these things in the wake of the Sixties would have been excoriated and ostracized as a hysterical gay-hater. It is simply bigoted, he would have been lectured, to claim that large numbers of homosexuals would take the vow of celibacy without making a good-faith effort to adhere to it; and even more so to claim that gay priests would embark on a campaign to deliberately subvert the Church's sexual teachings. And surely our foolish (and hysterically homophobic) friend would have been assured that an institution like the Catholic priesthood would attract only the most conservative homosexuals, not a bunch of "queer" radicals. Besides, even if a very few homosexuals did go so far as to actually abuse the children who had been given into their care, surely the number of such cases could never rise to the point where the stature and credibility of the Church itself would be put into doubt.

SUBVERSIVE SUBCULTURE

Yet all of these things have happened. Consider Jason Berry's extraordinary account in *Lead Us Not Into Temptation: Catholic Priests and the Sexual Abuse of Children* (1992), all the more striking for coming from the pen of a liberal Catholic who would himself like to see a liberalization of the Church's sexual teachings. According to Berry, as the proportion of homosexuals in the priesthood increased dramatically in the 1970s and 1980s, many gay priests were visiting the seminary "on the make," frequenting gay bars, and "befriending" high-school students. Berry reports a study of 50 gay Catholic priests, only two of whom said that they were abstaining from sexual activity: "Sixty percent said they felt no guilt about breaking their vows. Ninety percent strongly rejected mandatory celibacy . . . and slightly less than half reported that they engaged in sex in public toilets or parks." According to Berry, Richard Wagner, author of the original study of these gay priests, found that 34 percent of his interviewees called their sexual partners "distinctly younger." (Wagner did not say how young.) What's clear from Berry's account is that sexual abuse of boys by homosexual priests (the typical form of abuse in the current scandal) was part and parcel of a larger gay subculture within the priesthood, a subculture that effectively enabled the abuse of minors by encouraging flagrant homosexuality, and openly flouting the rule of celibacy itself. Indeed, in a now infamous case, a priest who has been the subject of abuse allegations over a period of three decades, the Reverend Paul Shanley, went so far as to advocate abuse in an address to the convention that led to the founding of the North American Man-Boy Love Association (NAMBLA). Here, the connection between sexual abuse and an openly "queer" culture was frighteningly direct.

Of course, it is true that powerful conservative bishops, who were in no way part of a homosexual subculture, played a crit-

ical role in covering up the abuse. They bear responsibility for their actions, yet their cover-up was itself motivated by their knowledge of the size and significance of the problem: To expose any given case was to risk a public unraveling of the larger problem of sexual abuse, disregard of celibacy, and the place of the gay subculture within the Church as a whole.

It is also true that cultural changes abroad in America in the wake of the Sixties eroded the ethic of celibacy among heterosexual priests as well. Yet heterosexual priests disenchanted with celibacy tended to leave the Church. Gay priests who rejected celibacy, on the other hand, tended to remain within the Church and, in word and deed, opposed the requirement of celibacy.

The existence of an influential and intentionally subversive gay subculture within the Catholic priesthood has everything to do with the question of same-sex marriage. To show this, I want to hark back to "The Gay Marriage Debate," an extended exchange I had (on National Review Online and in a number of other venues) in the summer of 2001 with Andrew Sullivan and Jonathan Rauch, the two most prominent conservative advocates of gay marriage. Although both Sullivan and Rauch have honorably and ably defended same-sex marriage as the best way to "domesticate" sexually promiscuous gays, the priesthood scandal is powerful proof that just about every one of their fundamental assumptions is mistaken.

Heterosexual priests disenchanted with celibacy tended to leave the Church. Gay priests who rejected celibacy tended to remain.

In our 2001 exchange, Sullivan assumed that only those gay couples prepared to be governed by the traditional ethos of monogamy would marry. I challenged that view, citing an important sociological study by a lesbian advocate of gay marriage—which showed that many gays with no commitment to monogamy, indeed with a conscious desire to subvert it, planned to marry. The priesthood scandals take us beyond even this predictive research: They represent a concrete and historically important case in which a significantly expanded homosexual presence in an established institution did in fact result in the undermining of traditional sexual morality, rather than in a "sexual-domestication" effect.

In my exchange with Sullivan, I also challenged his "arithmetical rebuttal" of the cultural-subversion argument. Sullivan had argued that any subversive effect on marriage coming from the open promiscuity of gay-male couples would be numerically offset by the notable fidelity of lesbian couples. I countered this point with the example of a strict college honor code—one that leaves it up to students themselves to refrain from cheating, and to confront and report those who do cheat. It would take only a small number of rebels against this honor code to subvert it, I said, since any significant group willing to sign the pledge against cheating, while also openly acting and speaking in violation of the code, would tend both to "break the spell" of the code and to put honest students at a disadvantage. In effect,

this is what has happened with the open subversion of clerical celibacy: The open flouting of the rule, in belief and in practice, has helped to demystify it, and also put those who continue to uphold it at an unfair disadvantage. And particularly when it comes to the sexual abuse of minors, we have seen that egregious violations of a sexual code of honor by even a relatively small number of individuals can bring suspicion and discredit on an entire institution—and to the code that governs it.

The priest scandal also teaches a critical lesson about the time that it takes to undermine an institution. Defenders of civil unions in Vermont, for example, are fond of saying that since the advent of civil unions two years ago, “the sky has not fallen.” The answer is that the effect of civil unions and gay marriage on the ethos of marriage will likely percolate for years before the harm becomes evident—after which time it will be too late to turn back.

THE SKY THAT FELL

This is exactly what has happened to the Church. It has been at least 30 years since the homosexual presence in the priesthood began to increase markedly. All along there were signs of trouble, yet no profound institutional crisis. Only now, after three decades, is the Church experiencing an authentic emergency, one that has provoked calls for at least two sorts of solutions—removing or reducing the presence of homosexuals in the priesthood, or the abolition of celibacy itself. The first solution would drive away liberal Catholics, and devastate a priesthood that is now substantially homosexual; the other would represent a tremendous blow to traditional Catholics. After 30 years of gay marriage, it would be equally difficult to go back—yet the subversive effects of gay marriage on the ethos of marital monogamy could, by then, have reached a similar stage of emergency.

Of course, the lessons I am drawing from the priest scandal all depend on the idea that priestly celibacy and marital fidelity are in some sense related. They are. Celibacy is premised, in part, on the notion that a priest cannot be entirely faithful to both his wife and his vocation. In effect, a priest is married to the Church, and his celibacy expresses his fidelity within that holy marriage. Nowadays, many have lost the feel for celibacy’s rationale. We are wont to ask how a priest can knowledgeably advise a married couple when he himself isn’t married. But a priest’s authority in these matters comes from his exemplary personal sacrifice for the sake of fidelity to his Lord, his Church, and his flock. Likewise, marriage is based on mutual sacrifice and fidelity. It is only from within a Sixties-inflected culture of self-fulfillment that the sacrificial ethos of celibacy, of marriage—indeed, of Christianity itself—seems puzzling. So there is every reason to believe that the deliberate subversion of the Church’s teaching on priestly celibacy prefigures a broader attack on the ethos of monogamy under a regime of gay marriage. And of course, as I documented at length during the gay-marriage debate, numerous advocates of gay marriage openly advocate and promise such “subversion.”

Indeed, Andrew Sullivan himself gives us good reason to believe it: He has taken contradictory positions on the issue of marital fidelity. In his book *Virtually Normal*, Sullivan argued that the “openness of the contract” in many gay unions would actually strengthen heterosexual marriages: The rather free

gay unions would show straights that their marriages need not be threatened by adultery. This is a critically important passage, because in it, Sullivan effectively concedes the “subversion” argument. Once gay marriage is legalized, says Sullivan, the monogamous ethos of traditional marriage will be transformed by the sexual “openness” of gay unions. And that, Sullivan argued at the time, will be a good thing. In his exchange with me, Sullivan retreated from that position, at least on the surface, by arguing that gay married couples would likely be every bit as monogamous as heterosexual couples.

In the wake of the priest scandal, however, Sullivan appears to have moved back toward his more “subversive” position. Sullivan has responded to the scandal by highlighting his blanket opposition to Catholic teachings on sexuality—saying, for example, that he objects to the Church’s attitude toward “extra-marital sex.” So Sullivan himself has connected his attack on the priestly rule of celibacy with a broader set of objections to the Church’s position on all forms of non-marital sexuality—including, one presumes, those that require an open sexual contract. If this is the position on marital fidelity of the foremost conservative advocate of gay marriage, what are we to expect of the far greater number of gays who are not conservatives? The experience of the Church has clearly shown that even those gays who join the most traditional of institutions are radical enough to deliberately attempt to subvert its sexual mores. It is therefore no stretch at all to see the conscious subversion by gay priests of the rule of celibacy as foreshadowing the subversion of the traditional ethos of marital fidelity under a regime of gay marriage.

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Even those gays who join the most traditional of institutions are radical enough to deliberately attempt to subvert its sexual mores.

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Of course, the mainstream press has done everything in its power to deny or minimize the connection between the priesthood scandals and homosexuality. Here is a case where the bias of the mainstream press on social issues matters tremendously. How can people debate the effects of social and sexual changes that the press barely even acknowledges to have taken place?

And the press’s fears are justified. For the gay-marriage movement to be successful, it must be perceived as a struggle for civil rights. The press therefore refuses even to acknowledge the possibility that gay sexuality might be of any greater social consequence than skin color. The sky will not fall, we are told; yet for the Catholic Church, the sky is already halfway down. Advocates of gay marriage are fond of comparing those who warn against it to racists who purveyed silly scare stories about the effects of miscegenation. But the real model for gay marriage is the priesthood scandal. Here is a case in which gay sexual culture has not been tamed by, but has instead dramatically subverted, a venerable social institution—an institution built around an ethic that is a first cousin to marital fidelity itself. Should the connection take root in the public mind, gay marriage may not become a reality after all. **NR**

Taking the Con Out of Con. Law

The struggle over judicial interpretation

RICHARD A. EPSTEIN

SIGNS of crisis dominate the current landscape of constitutional law. *Bush v. Gore* may have chosen a president, but it left an open wound in the body politic. Prominent Democrats—including Judge Abner Mikva—have urged a senatorial moratorium on any Bush Supreme Court nominees until another presidential election removes his ostensible stain of illegitimacy. Worse still, major legal intellectuals like Michael McConnell languish in judicial-nomination limbo because of the newfound senatorial insistence on “mainstream” jurists for the federal courts. Harvard’s Laurence Tribe has testified that conscientious Democratic senators should put ideological considerations front and center in deciding on Bush nominees.

Tribe’s call for ideological candor brings into public view matters long shrouded in political darkness. Ideological purity, however, is a two-edged sword: Democrats, like Republicans, regard only their opponents’ decisions as tainted by politics. Neither side can hope to make intellectual progress on its agenda without some neutral account of what the Constitution, properly construed, requires; but that elusive baseline depends as much on what is brought to the text as on what can be found in it.

Constitutional law asks judges to decide when Congress or the states have overstepped their authority, either by asserting powers that they don’t have, or by violating entrenched individual rights. On these weighty matters, the initial inquiry is often the most decisive: What standard of review (or, as is sometimes said, scrutiny) should be brought to any government action? Scrutiny comes in three flavors. Virtually no statute survives strict scrutiny, whereby the state must show that it has adopted some narrowly tailored means to satisfy some compelling state interest. Conversely, virtually no government action flunks the “rational basis” test, which requires only that the government offer some ostensible rationale for its action. Only in cases of intermediate scrutiny, where state actions must be substantially related to some important governmental interest, is there a genuine contest.

But search as you may, the Constitution offers no textual guidance in sorting out *which* level of scrutiny applies *where*. The justices, both liberal and conservative, have to import that standard from without. Before the rise of the conservative justices—Rehnquist, Scalia, and Thomas, with O’Connor and Kennedy often concurring—the consensus view was that the rational-basis test would determine whether congressional legislation improperly regulated “commerce . . . among the several states.” The upshot of this consensus was that Congress could set quotas for the wheat that farmers grew to feed their

own livestock. Likewise, the rational-basis test allowed Hawaii to claim that it was for a “public use” that it forced a landlord to sell his interest to a tenant. The Court turned cartwheels to allow Congress to interfere with commerce, and to allow states to condemn land for any conceivable public purpose.

The exact opposite consensus held on freedom-of-speech issues. Restrictions on speech were generally judged under scrutiny so strict as to make even a libertarian blush. Members of the media, for example, are allowed to publish stolen information with impunity; public figures may bring defamation actions over false statements of fact only if the plaintiff can show that the defendant *knew* the statement to be false or acted in reckless disregard of the truth.

It is difficult, to say the least, to come up with any coherent constitutional theory that explains these violent differences in approach and outcome. Why should the government that acts with bad motives when it suppresses speech be thought to act with good motives when it extends its tentacles into ordinary business transactions? Viewed at its best, the modern “conservative” revolution attacks these inconsistencies with a single proposition: The free ride given to congressional and state legislation is over on matters of federalism and property rights; judicial scrutiny is ratcheted up to deny legislation on these matters an automatic judicial pass.

The Supreme Court confounded earlier expectations when it held in 1995 that Congress could not, under its commerce power, regulate the use of guns within 1,000 feet of a public school, and when it held in 2000 that Congress could not authorize a private federal right of action for a dormitory rape. (In both cases, however, Chief Justice Rehnquist went out of his way to affirm that Congress could continue, under the commerce power, to regulate the production and consumption of foodstuffs.) The Rehnquist Court has also held that the federal disability law does not apply to state governments; and it held that states did take property without compensation when they flatly prohibited a landowner from building anything at all on it.

Many critics see these decisions as a radical departure from prior law; it’s easy to chortle that the former advocates of judicial restraint turned into constitutional tigers—reversing decades of settled precedent—once they seized the reins of power. But this criticism could equally be used against liberals who favor judicial activism for their own pet causes. What we need is a uniform theory. The First Amendment is not printed in bright red ink; nor are the commerce and takings clauses printed in faint beige. Both come from the same inkwell.

NO LOSS IN TRANSLATION

One could maintain, as I do not, the consistent position that Congress, and perhaps even state legislatures, should have well-nigh conclusive authority to determine whether their own actions meet the applicable constitutional standards. But so long as we share John Marshall’s belief in judicial review, then little commends a jurisprudence that lets the fox tend the hen-house. Small cohesive political factions in some cases, and overweening majorities in others, pose a constant threat to human liberty. For both liberals and conservatives, the rational-basis test has to be the wrong approach to bring to *any* constitutional provision. It’s simply inadequate as a way to protect our rights under the Constitution.

Mr. Epstein is a professor of law at the University of Chicago, and a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution.

This is not to suggest that the justices must turn a blind eye to all the technical and political innovations since 1789. What they can do—to borrow a felicitous word from Stanford's Lawrence Lessig—is sensibly “translate” basic constitutional provisions without rewriting the constitutional text. Changed conditions since 1789 easily explain why Congress should be able to regulate interstate air travel or telecommunications across state lines; to prevent state blockades; and to limit state taxation of interstate business. But no translation justifies federal legislation on local gun use or neighborhood rape, when those activities are already illegal under the law of every state in the Union. Keeping Congress out of local matters is as important today as it was in 1789; it promotes freedom, by preserving for individuals the right to leave one state for another if the first state's government becomes excessively powerful. But this “exit” right, however useful, does not protect a landowner whose property rights are wiped out by state regulation; there is, therefore, good reason to defend the recent decisions that restored the teeth of the property guarantees in the Constitution.

A similar constitutional restoration is necessary in the area of freedom of speech—specifically, with regard to the recent McCain-Feingold campaign-finance legislation. The key provisions of this Byzantine enactment forbid the national parties to use “soft” money from corporations, unions, and individuals, while allowing state and local parties to use up to \$10,000 from any such source for certain specific activities. The limit on “hard money” contributions from individuals to particular candidates is raised from the previous \$1,000 per person to \$2,000; the cap can be raised further for candidates running against wealthy opponents who finance their own campaigns. All of these contributions are subject to an overall cap of \$95,000 per donor for all candidates and parties during any given political election cycle. The act also—most controversially—makes it illegal for corporations and unions to pay for broadcast ads that refer to candidates for federal office within 60 days of a general election, or within 30 days of a primary. In contrast, hard money can be used to buy advertisements up to Election Day.

What should the justices do with this campaign-finance law? For starters, it would seem odd to engage in a strict construction of the phrase “freedom of speech” that would prohibit individuals from acting collectively for political action. No sensible interpretation of the phrase makes it permissible to speak oneself, but not to support the speech of others, by either capital or labor. So the constitutional guarantee of speech seems to be presumptively violated by the legislation.

The most obvious rejoinder is that sharp limitations on contributions to campaigns are necessary, in order to prevent the corruption that money brings to politics; the Supreme Court invoked precisely that rationale to sustain the limits on hard-money contributions in its 1976 *Buckley v. Valeo* decision. But under a strict-scrutiny standard, it is not enough to claim that political markets are subject to the same imperfections that allegedly infect the market for tomatoes or energy. It won't do to claim that rich candidates can “buy” elections, when open competition allows both major parties to tap the manifold sources of private wealth—and when individuals, after all, are free to vote for underfinanced candidates. All of these protestations bespeak a loss of faith in the marketplace of ideas, which is the underpinning of the First Amendment.

Congress has to do better. It must show some particular pattern of abuse to which its regulations are specifically tailored. But how is that possible, when the federal and state statute books already contain countless prohibitions against the bribery of public officials or candidates, and against deliberate frauds in the conduct of a campaign? Ironically, for all its detailed restrictions, the current legislation completely misses the real source of our uneasiness about political power and political money: Our current system of government gives politicians at all levels too much power to regulate the lives of ordinary citizens and businesses. Because the limitations on federal power, and the protections for property rights at all levels, are very weak, politically savvy operators have something to buy for their money—permits, licenses, and such. If the Supreme Court had done the sensible thing and eliminated the rational-basis test across the board, politicians at all levels of government would have less to sell, and businesses, unions, and individuals would have less to buy. One cannot fix the deformities of our current constitutional system by turning political parties into regulated public utilities.

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**What is needed—by all sides—is a
consistent view of constitutional
interpretation.**

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These issues have important ramifications for the pending struggles over senatorial confirmation of judicial nominees. What is needed—by all sides—is a consistent view of constitutional interpretation, one that understands that the Constitution is meant to prohibit as well as validate government actions. At present, far too many liberals embrace rational basis in some cases and strict scrutiny in others; on the other side, conservatives from President Bush on down intone the need for judges to engage in “strict construction” of the Constitution, without the foggiest idea of what that entails. No idle maxim can substitute for a hard rethinking of the constitutional issues.

Senators on both sides of the aisle should no longer be allowed to pretend that the chaotic waters of current constitutional doctrine flow within some magical judicial mainstream: The constitutional waters are surging helter-skelter in all directions. The present disrepair in constitutional theory is an occasion for senators to rethink their own dogmatic assumptions, and focus on the need for a faithful translation of the constitutional text. In areas—such as freedom of speech—in which the government will have a strong incentive to misbehave, the strict-scrutiny test should be applied; in other cases, such as those involving the reconciliation of property rights with environmental concerns, there should be an intermediate-scrutiny test; but in all cases, the rational-basis test should be scrapped, as a completely insufficient protection of our rights.

Legislators should undertake this rigorous process of constitutional translation. They might come to appreciate that judicial nominees, once confirmed, are doing their job when they clip the wings of the very senators who voted on their appointments.

NR

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"We made Adam in your image, but we have some upgrades we'd like to include with Eve."

UNEASY MODERATES

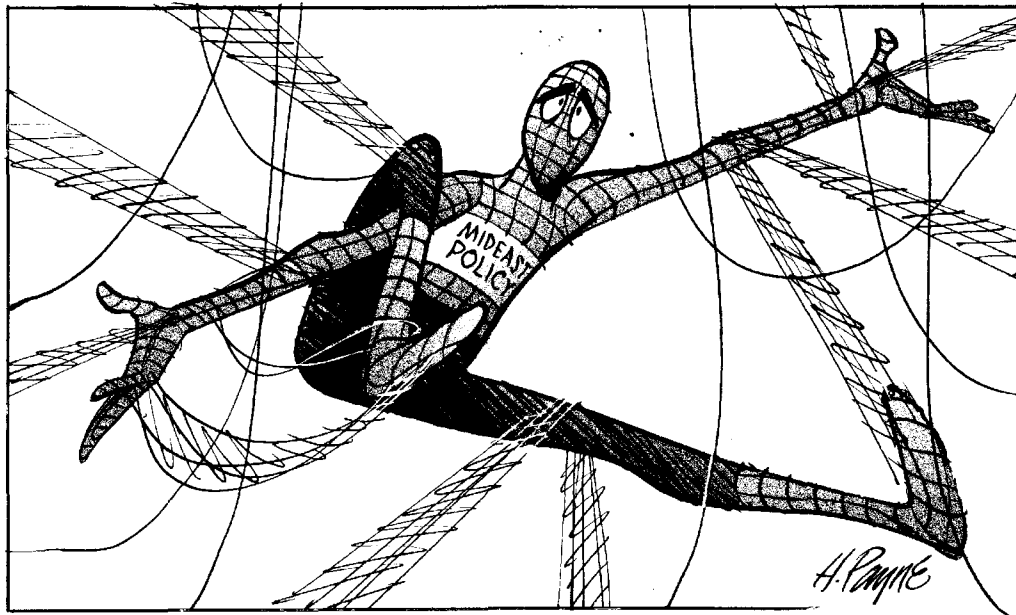
Powell's conference isn't till June.
Every Arab is glued to the tube.
In Arabia, princes are torn
Between conning the street or the lube.
On the Nile, the metropolis seethes.
In Amman, the last Hashemite sweats.
If a rumble begins, could they count
On one class from the current cadets?

—W. H. VON DREELE





SPIDERMAN — STARRING GEORGE W. BUSH





THE LONG VIEW

By Rob Long

MEMO TO: Bill Clinton
FROM: NBC Research
IN RE: Focus-group results: "Clinton in the Morning"

First off, everyone here in Research loves the show! It's funny and fast-paced and has all the elements of a franchise performer in the late-AM market. And we are especially grateful to you, Bill, for your willingness to make the changes and adjustments that the market research indicates. So many artists won't do that—they see us here in Research as "the enemy" or "the suits" and they won't make the crucial revisions necessary to become "break out."

For instance, take the whole monkey situation. Early on, I think we all realized that the sidekick monkey idea was a winner. Some of the improvised stuff you and Pickles came up with—totally spontaneous and unrehearsed—was priceless, and I know that we all felt that the combination of Bill Clinton and Pickles the Monkey was a late-AM homerun.

But in the second pilot episode, when Pickles urinated on Liza Minnelli and tore off Matt Lauer's earlobe, we realized that the liability issues were too complex, and so a great idea—and one that tested well in audience surveys—needed to be rethought. And I think that the compromise of replacing Pickles with Louie Anderson was a good one.

Until the same thing happened with Louie, which comes under the heading of "Who could have predicted this?" But I think by the fourth pilot episode, we had all come to realize that Bill Clinton is enough—Bill Clinton is his own co-host, in a sense—and that you, just you, on a stool with a Matt Damon or a J. Lo or a kid from the Dell Computer ads, was more than enough

to go franchise in the late-AM day part.

So now that we have a template for "Clinton in the Morning" (title tests slightly better than "Coffee 'n' Clinton" with women), let's see what the focus groups responded to.

Women 18-47: This group especially liked the celebrity interviews and the "Cookin' Lite" segment. Many of them identify with your weight struggles—and the "Talkin' from the Heart" segment, where it's just you on a stool with a microphone and a baby spot on your face, sharing memories of growing up in Arkansas, really resonated with this VERY important demographic. We think this is a crucial part of the future success of "AM Clinton" (tests slightly better with Women 12-35 than "Clinton in the Morning"), and we'd like to integrate it a bit more into the segment mix. We'd like to hear some more poignant stories about marriage, raising kids, friendships, middle age, disappointments and triumphs—we think this is the "money" part of the show. For instance, when you were talking about growing up as "a fat kid" during the "Cookin' Lite" segment, it looked for a moment like you might have been tearing up a little. And just as a big fat tear came rolling down your cheek, Wolfgang Puck moved into your camera to stir the rice noodles, and we missed the moment entirely. Which is why this kind of thing needs its own segment.

Teens 15-21: For the most part, you are the first president this demographic has any conscious memory of, so it doesn't seem odd to them to have you dancing with 'N Sync or talking with P. Diddy about the trials of fame. We realize that you were at first concerned about appearing "undignified," but no one in this demographic—and let's remember: some of these kids will grow

up to be presidential historians!—thought that you were anything short of presidential, except very briefly during the "pouch" moment during the aerobic-exercise segment, which we had to cut for broadcast standards anyway. In future exercise segments, we'll alert wardrobe to provide a sturdier unitard.

Older men and women: We didn't do so well with this group. To be honest, they came to the show with a negative expectation, and while the female demo enjoyed your rendition of "Cry Me a River," many of them weren't crazy about the fact that you sang the song, rather than playing it on the saxophone. Still, they enjoyed seeing Carmen McRae again, who rarely makes television appearances. And the "Money Talk" segment seemed to resonate with men, especially your fond reminiscences of "my bull market."

Overall: We're in excellent shape to take over the "Rosie" audience—and to expand it to a larger section of the late-AM audience pool. Your marquee name value will allow you to attract top-name guests, and to achieve significant audience tune-in.

This is just a snapshot of audience reactions to the first three pilot episodes. Again, we're not really advocating any changes per se, but we like to think of audience research as a "tool" in the "tool box" to use to build a long-lasting morning franchise. Our promotions department has a few excellent ideas for sweeps-related stunts (pie-eating contests, man-on-the-street stuff, bathroom tours of the homes of famous people, etc. etc.), but we think that the key here will be pairing you with interesting and spicy guests. To that end, we think it might be time to at least broach the idea of the possibility of an appearance by a Monica Lewinsky—or someone of that ilk—for the crucial twelfth-week ratings book. Again, just a suggestion to at least begin to talk about it.

Anyway, we're off to a great start!

THE RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Identity Crisis

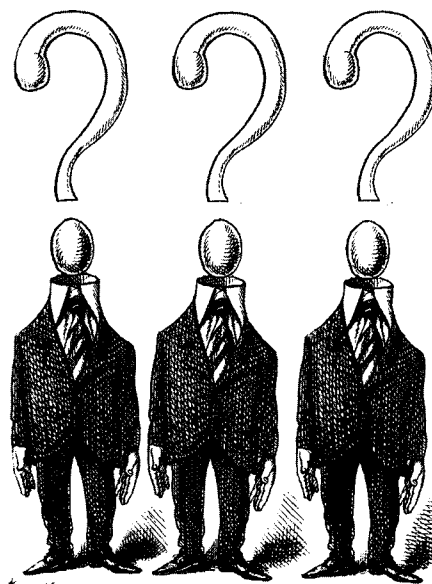
BRIAN C. ANDERSON

Our Posthuman Future: Consequences of the Biotechnology Revolution, by Francis Fukuyama (Farrar Straus, 272 pp., \$25)

WE should not allow theology, philosophy, or politics to interfere with the decision we make on this issue," pronounced Ohio Democratic congressman Ted Strickland during the 2001 congressional debate on human cloning. Science alone, he believed, should guide our policy. But as social theorist (and member of the President's Council on Bioethics) Francis Fukuyama responds in this lucid overview of the biotechnology revolution and its discontents, "It is only 'theology, philosophy, or politics' that can establish the ends of science and the technology that science produces." Science cannot, by itself, determine what mankind does with it. It can both find miracle cures for diseases and create super-bugs resistant to any cure. It can both palliate and destroy.

Fukuyama is most famous as the author of the 1989 essay (later a book) "The End of History?"—in which he argued that the era of utopian political experiments had come to an end with the fall of the Berlin Wall, and that liberal democratic capitalism had proven to be the final stage of mankind's political development, since it satisfied the permanent demands of human nature better than any other form of govern-

Mr. Anderson is senior editor of *City Journal*, author of *Raymond Aron: The Recovery of the Political*, and editor of *On Cultivating Liberty*, a collection of Michael Novak's social and political writings.



By Roman Genn

ment. Now, taking the measure of biotechnology, he's not so sure that history is over. Scientific advances raise the possibility that man will someday be able to modify his genetic nature, and so open a "posthuman" future that will include dangerous new political experiments. Given that human nature "shapes and constrains the possible kinds of political regimes," says Fukuyama, "a technology powerful enough to reshape what we are will have possibly malign consequences for liberal democracy and the nature of politics itself."

The malign consequences are unlikely to be jackboot totalitarianisms like those that made the 20th century so bloody. Instead, they will arrive as presumptive enhancements of freedom and health—seeming liberations that could ultimately rob us of our souls. The danger is not brute force, but fatal seduction: Huxley's *Brave New World*, not Orwell's 1984, is the relevant dystopia for the 21st century.

Consider what's already happened as a result of our growing knowledge of the brain and its chemistry; it offers a troubling sign of what full-fledged modification of human nature via genetic

engineering could look like. Serotonin-reuptake drugs—such as Prozac and Zoloft—have undoubtedly helped many people with clinical depression lead better lives. But, as Fukuyama notes, low levels of serotonin don't mark out a clearly pathological condition. Many people (I know a few) take these drugs as a kind of cosmetic pharmacology, buying self-esteem in a bottle rather than struggling to achieve it. And if Prozac and its relatives sometimes seem like happiness pills, Fukuyama adds, the stimulant Ritalin—prescribed to millions of children ostensibly suffering from Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder, a condition without any proven biological basis—"has come to play the role of an overt instrument of social control."

Today's mood-altering drugs are relatively crude, and often have disturbing side effects that their makers spend lots of money to downplay. Eventually, though, we will probably have drugs tailor-made for one's genetic profile, with minimal or no side effects. This will be a questionable gain, thinks Fukuyama: Many will feel that it is senseless ever to be unhappy or angry or ashamed again, once simply popping a pill can safely get rid of unpleasant emotions. But a world without these kinds of emotions would no longer be fully human. Wouldn't the wellsprings of art, striving, and greatness dry up? After all, don't such emotions often tell us something true about our lives?

Another disturbing development on the biotech horizon is what ethicist Leon Kass, head of the council on bioethics, calls the "immortality project." Conquering death may forever remain beyond man's reach, Fukuyama observes, but through discoveries in the biology of aging and advances in tissue regeneration made possible by stem-cell research, biotech may soon be able to

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This is a *unique* opportunity to meet America's most preeminent conservative celebrities: "Definites" for this special voyage are Judge **Kenneth Starr**, economists **Milton Friedman** and **Arthur Laffer**, columnist **Cal Thomas**, author **Dinesh D'Souza**, and ace pollster **Kellyanne Conway**. They'll be joining NR founder **William F. Buckley Jr.**, Editor **Rich Lowry**, Washington Editor **Kate O'Beirne**, Senior Editor **Ramesh Ponnuru**, and Managing Editor **Jay Nordlinger** for a relaxing week of political shop-talk, conservative revelry, and world-class cruising.

Also "strongly interested" in joining the hundreds of NR readers who'll take our trip to the sun-drenched Sea of Cortez are former Vice President **Dan Quayle** and House Majority Whip **Tom DeLay**. Without question, that's an *incredible* line-up.

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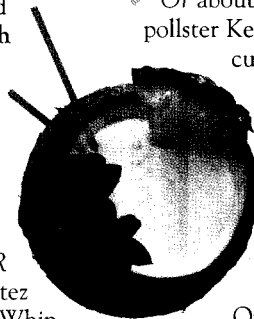
An NR cruise is your chance to meet and intimately discuss politics and policy with some of the true giants of conservative affairs. Our exciting seminars—we've scheduled five panel sessions on our Mexico sojourn—allow for ample audience "Q & A," providing a scintillating take on current events. Imagine:

- ✓ Where does one even begin to ask Ken Starr questions?!
- ✓ Who better than renowned Nobel Prize-winning economist Milton Friedman and Arthur Laffer—the man behind that most famous of curves—to discuss America's fiscal health?!
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- ✓ Or about what's *really* happening on Capitol Hill than from Tom DeLay?!
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On the **National Review 2002 Post-Election Mexico Cruise** you find the *Ryndam*'s accommodations (elegant staterooms and glamorous public spaces teeming with antiques) to be truly luxurious and matched by the indulgent, courteous staff, superior cuisine, and top-notch entertainment and excursions.



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DAY/DATE	PORT	ARRIVE	DEPART	SPECIAL EVENTS
Sat/Nov. 16	San Diego		6:00PM	
Sun/Nov. 17	AT SEA			afternoon seminar evening cocktail reception
Mon/Nov. 18	AT SEA			morning/afternoon seminars late-night poolside smoker
Tues/Nov. 19	Loreto	7:00AM	5:00PM	
Wed/Nov. 20	Pichilingue/La Paz	8:00AM	6:00PM	evening cocktail reception
Thur/Nov. 21	Cabo San Lucas	7:00AM	4:00PM	afternoon seminar late-night smoker
Fri/Nov. 22	AT SEA			afternoon seminar evening cocktail reception
Sat/Nov. 23	San Diego	8:00AM		



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LARGE OUTSIDE STATEROOM The *Ryndam's* large "Outside Staterooms" (197 sq. ft.) are comfortable and feature a queen-size bed (convertible to 2 twin beds), a large picture window, plus bath/shower combination.

Category D

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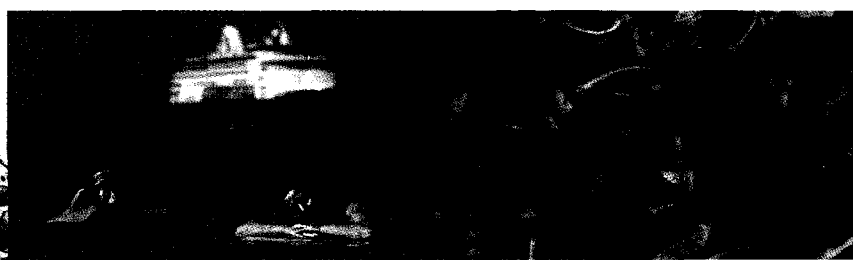
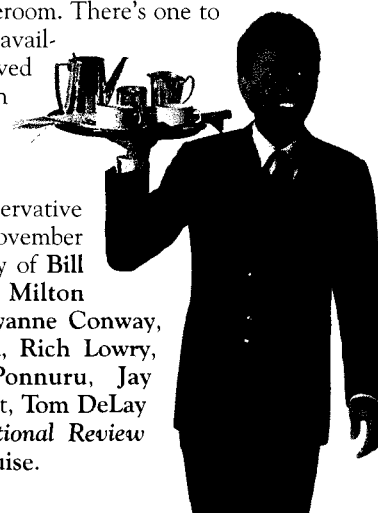
LORETO: *Frommer's Mexico 2002* guide puts it best: Loreto "is a gem that sparkles under the desert sky. Here, the purple hues of the Giganta Mountains meet the indigo waters of the Sea of Cortez, providing a spectacular backdrop of natural contrasts for the town's historical past." Site of the first mission in the Californias (Mision Nuestra Señora de Loreto and Museo de las Misiones are must-sees) and the first European settlement on the Baja, Loreto remains, says *Frommer's*, "the wonderfully funky fishing village and well-kept secret that it has been for decades."

LA PAZ/PICHILINGUE: "La Paz," says *Frommer's*, "means peace," and the feeling seems to float on the ocean breezes here. "It remains slow-paced and relaxed . . . an easy-going sophisticated city and the guardian of 'old Baja' atmosphere, with beautiful deserted beaches just minutes away that complement the lively beach and malecón that fronts the town center." Best known from John Steinbeck's *The Pearl*, La Paz—a haven for kayaking, fishing, and diving (you can even swim with sea lions off Espíritu Santo and Los Islotes)—is "the undisputed adventure capital of Baja."

CABO SAN LUCAS: Once renowned for big-game fishing, Cabo San Lucas is now a mecca for golf (there are Jack Nicklaus- and Robert Trent Jones-designed courses here—we'll be setting up an exclusive NR outing for any wanna-duffers), kayaking, and superior "R&R"-ing on gorgeous beaches.

Over 130 cabins have been reserved, many by NR cruise "alumni" (they come back again and again because of the wonderful experiences our trips provide). Sign up today and join them for on what will be one of the best weeks you will ever enjoy. Just fill out the application form on the following page, and return it (by mail or fax) so you can secure your stateroom. There's one to fit everyone's taste and budget (available on a first come, first served basis). You'll also find pricing on Holland America's affordable "Fly Cruise" airfare program.

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National Review 2002 Post-Election Mexico Cruise Application

Mail to: National Review Cruise, The Cruise Authority, 1307 Powers Ferry Rd., Marietta, GA 30067-5409 or Fax to 770-916-1425

Please fill out application completely and mail with deposit check or fax with credit-card information. One application per cabin. If you want more than one cabin, make copies of this application. For questions call The Cruise Authority at 800-707-1634.

Personal

Shirt size (M/L/XL)
Name #1 (full legal name) + Nickname
Shirt size (M/L/XL)
Name #2 (full legal name) + Nickname
Names #3 & #4 (if taking others in your cabin)
Street Mailing Address
()
City State ZIP
Daytime Phone
Special Information (medical conditions, celebrating anniversary, etc.)

Payment

A deposit of \$700 per cabin is due with this application. Cabins and categories are available on a first come, first served basis. Suites are limited!

☐ My deposit of \$350 per person is included.
(Make checks payable to "National Review Cruise")

☐ Charge to: AmEx ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Discover

Expiration Date (Month) (Year)

Authorized Signature of Cardholder/Guest

Information and price quote on Cancellation Fee Waiver/Medical Insurance will accompany your statement. Cancellation Penalty Schedule follows (cancellations must be received in writing by the date indicated):

PRIOR to June 14, 2002 \$50 per person
June 14, 2002 to August 16, 2002 \$350 per person
AFTER August 16, 2002 100% of cruise/package 04/08/NR

Cruise

(All rates are per person, double occupancy, and include all port charges and taxes, all gratuities, meals, entertainment, and National Review activities. Cruise-only rates include all of above except airfare and transfers. Failure to appear for embarkation for any reason constitutes a cancellation subject to full penalties. Personal items not included.)

PLEASE CHECK ALL APPLICABLE BOXES!

I. CABIN CATEGORY (see list and prices on previous page)

First cabin category choice: Second cabin category choice:

Bedding: Beds made up as ☐ Twin ☐ King/Queen

BOOKING SINGLE? ☐ Please try to match me with a roommate. (My age:)

II. AIR/TRANSFER PACKAGES

- ☐ We will provide our own roundtrip air and transfers to and from San Diego.
☐ Include air with our package from (see list below).
☐ We need to purchase transfers from the airport to the ship at \$20 per person.

III. GENERAL INFORMATION

CITIZENSHIP: Is everyone a U.S. citizen? ☐ Yes ☐ No

If No, indicate citizenship:

DINING: I wish to dine with

DINNER: ☐ 8:15PM ☐ 6:15PM (conflicts with dining with speakers/events)

IV. PRE- AND POST-CRUISE TOUR PACKAGES

☐ Please send me information on pre-/post-cruise packages in San Diego.

Important

Everyone cruising will be required to bring either a valid passport OR a certified birth certificate (with raised seal!), plus photo ID. Failure to do so may result in being denied boarding of the *Ryndam*. Children do not require photo ID.

Responsibility: Notice is hereby given that the cruise advertised herein, including all tickets, vouchers and coupons issued and all arrangements for transportation or conveyance or for hotel or lodging or for sightseeing services are made by H2O Ltd. d/b/a The Cruise Authority (TCA) on behalf of National Review, as agency for Holland America Line (HAL), and/or service providers and/or suppliers providing services necessary for operation of the tour upon the express condition that TCA shall not be liable for injury, damage, loss, accident, delay or irregularity to any tour participant; or his or her property that may result from any act or omission of any company, contractor or employee thereof providing services in connection with the tour, including but not limited to transportation, lodging, food and beverage, entertainment, sightseeing, luggage handling and tour guiding. Furthermore, TCA cannot be held responsible for delays or costs incurred resulting from weather and road connections, breakdowns, strikes, riots, acts of God, authority of law or other circumstances beyond its control. In the event that a participant be entitled to a refund of monies paid, TCA will not be liable in excess of amount paid. TCA reserves the right to decline any persons as a tour participant at any time. TCA is not responsible for price increases imposed by HAL and/or service providers. Such increases may be implemented prior to deposit received. TCA is not responsible for breach of contract or any intentional or careless actions or omissions on the part of HAL and/or service providers, such as suppliers of tours or other services used or obtained on or at the time of the cruise or shore excursions, which result in any loss, damage, delay or injury to you or your travel companions or group members. TCA does not guarantee any of such suppliers rates, booking or reservations and TCA shall not be responsible for any social or labor unrest, mechanical or construction difficulties, diseases, local laws, climate conditions, abnormal conditions or developments or any other actions, omissions or conditions outside of TCA's control. TCA, nor National Review shall be responsible for the accessibility, appearance, actions or decisions of those individuals promoted for this cruise. By embarking upon his or her travel, the traveler voluntarily assumes all risks, and is advised to obtain appropriate insurance coverage against them. Retention of tickets, reservations, or package after issuance shall constitute a consent to the above and an agreement on your part to convey the contents hereof to your travel companions.

AIR TRAVEL: Let us make your air travel arrangements with Holland America's "Fly Cruise" Program, which offers a convenient air program that includes round-trip, economy-class air transportation (First Class air is available on request; you cannot use frequent flyer points to upgrade these fares to First Class), and all baggage transfers, from the following cities:

AL Birmingham 669	FL Jacksonville 549	KS Wichita 549	MO Springfield 619	NC Raleigh/Durham 689	SC Columbia 689	VA Richmond 689
Huntsville 679	Miami 599	KY Lexington 619	St. Louis 559	OK Oklahoma City 619	Greenville 689	Roanoke 689
Mobile 599	Orlando 599	Louisville 619	MT Billings 519	Tulsa 619	TX Amarillo 619	WA Seattle 379
AR Little Rock 549	Pensacola 689	LA Baton Rouge 619	NE Omaha 619	OH Akron 619	Austin 559	Spokane 479
AZ Phoenix 289	Tampa 609	New Orleans 549	NV Las Vegas 309	Cincinnati 549	Corpus Christi 549	WI Madison 619
Tucson 289	GA Augusta 689	Shreveport 619	Reno 289	Cleveland 559	Dallas/Ft. Worth 539	Milwaukee 549
CA Fresno 319	Atlanta 599	ME Bangor 689	NJ Newark 609	Columbus 539	El Paso 549	
Los Angeles 259	HI Honolulu 809	Portland 689	NM Albuquerque 519	Dayton 619	Houston (IAH) 539	CANADA (\$USD)
Oakland 289	ID Boise 519	MD Baltimore 599	NY Albany 689	Toledo 619	Lubbock 619	Calgary 589
Sacramento 289	IL Chicago 549	MA Boston 669	Binghamton 669	OR Medford 369	Midland/Odessa 579	Edmonton 589
San Francisco 289	Peoria 619	Worcester 689	Buffalo 679	Portland 379	San Antonio 539	Montreal 669
San Jose 289	Springfield 619	MI Detroit 549	New York 609	PA Allentown 609	TN Chattanooga 619	Ottawa 679
CO Col. Springs 519	IN Evansville 619	Grand Rapids 619	Rochester 689	Harrisburg 689	Knoxville 619	Quebec 719
Denver 529	Ft. Wayne 619	MN Mnpls/St. Paul 559	Syracuse 6859	Philadelphia 599	Memphis 619	Toronto 659
CT Hartford 609	Indianapolis 549	Rochester 619	NC Asheville 679	Pittsburgh 599	Nashville 619	Vancouver 439
DC Washington 609	IA Cedar Rapids 619	MS Jackson 669	Charlotte 679	RI Providence 689	UT Salt Lake City 459	Victoria 559
FL Fort Lauderdale 609	Des Moines 559	MO Kansas City 549	Greensboro 689	SC Charleston 689	VA Norfolk 669	Winnipeg 619

IMPORTANT NOTES: 1. These air add-ons apply to the cruise or cruise + pre- or post-cruise package. All transfers for air/sea passengers are included. 2. Should you elect to provide your own air transportation, note that transfers from the airport to the *Ryndam* (Port of San Diego near downtown) are not included; the distance from airport to cruise ship is very close. Schedule your arrival in San Diego leaving plenty of time for flight delay! You should arrive in San Diego no later than 2:00pm on November 16th. Your return flight from San Diego should not be arranged before 11:00am on November 23rd. 3. Should you wish to deviate your air from the "standard" schedule, Holland America Line charges \$50pp for this service. All requests must be sent in writing to The Cruise Authority. Air deviation fees are non-refundable. 4. Any special seat assignments or other requests must be made directly with the participating air carrier. You will receive your air schedule approximately 30 days prior to departure date. 5. Transfers are available for purchase from the San Diego airport for \$20 per person, and must be arranged for in advance via The Cruise Authority.

prolong life expectancies far beyond where they are today (roughly 75 years for men and 80 for women). Living to 125 or 150 may sound great. Yet profound demographic and social changes will ensue if such extended life spans become typical. If there are a lot more extremely old people around, who pays for their retirement? What if people want to keep working until they're 90 or even 100? Should society force them to give way to younger workers?

And Fukuyama points out that even these serious problems are kid stuff compared with those posed by genetic engineering. It is already increasingly possible to "design" babies according to parents' whims through the pre-implantation genetic screening of embryos. While we don't yet have the ability to modify human nature in any significant way, what happens if we gain the power to alter the human germ line—through DNA modifications that affect not only the engineered individual but also his descendants? True, we might be able to eliminate genetically inherited scourges, which would be a wondrous boon. But it's true, too, that in a world where designing children has been perfected, the very foundations of democracy could crumble. The posthuman individual would likely be stronger, smarter, and more attractive. If genetic enhancements of intelligence or strength remain prohibitively expensive to all but the wealthy, however, does government then step in and, practicing a beneficent eugenics, guarantee improvements to all? Or do we face a world in which, to recall Jefferson, some arrive in the world with saddles on their backs and others with boots and spurs?

Libertarians generally take Congressman Strickland's position and say we should just get out of the way and let biotech run where it will, subject to the free decisions of individuals and businesses. But such a view is wildly unrealistic: Some form of state regulation is unavoidable. To those who scoff at our ability to police technology, Fukuyama responds that we do it all the time: "We in fact control all sorts of technologies and many types of scientific research:

People are no more free to experiment in the development of new biological warfare agents than they are to experiment on human subjects without the latter's informed consent."

■

**In a world of
designer children, the
very foundations of
democracy could crumble.**

■

The question still remains: How do we draw bright lines, and where do we draw them? Fukuyama respects the religious objections to scientists' playing God, but doesn't think that they'll wash with nonbelievers. He turns, instead, to Aristotle. From philosophical reflection on human nature, Fukuyama believes, we can move toward knowledge of how "natural desires, purposes, traits, and behaviors fit together into a human whole"—and from this knowledge gain improved understanding of human ends, right and wrong, just and unjust. "Political freedom has heretofore meant the freedom to pursue those ends that our nature has established for us," Fukuyama writes. Those ends are various and not rigorously determined, since human nature is plastic. "But it is not

infinitely malleable, and the elements that remain constant . . . constitute a safe harbor that allows us to connect, potentially, with all other human beings."

Such a philosophical discussion on man's nature and human ends won't result in truths of the

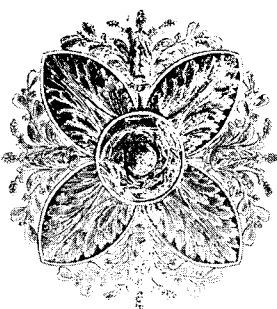
2+2=4 variety, but it will allow us to come up with some rough guidelines to control the pace and scope of technological development. Not to act, Fukuyama rightly argues, is to act: The criteria of development become those of the human will, liberated from any natural or religious constraints—a nihilistic recipe for disaster.

Fukuyama offers several practical suggestions of regulations to adopt right now. First, he says we should ban human cloning—and not just because scientists can't do it safely yet. Human cloning is

deeply unnatural, Fukuyama believes, and would establish disturbingly asymmetrical relationships between cloned children and their parents. Cloned kids would be both child and twin of the parent from whom their genes come, yet unrelated to the other parent. "The unrelated parent will be expected to nurture a younger version of his or her own spouse," Fukuyama says. "How will that parent look upon the clone when he or she reaches sexual maturity?" In addition to safety and moral objections, cloning is also the "opening wedge" for the new technologies that, unchecked, will lead to full-scale designer babies.

A second suggestion is to establish a clear demarcation between the legitimate therapeutic use and the far more disturbing cosmetic use of biotechnology. "We don't want star athletes to be hobbled by bad knees or torn ligaments," Fukuyama points out, "but we also don't want them to compete on the basis of who has taken the most steroids." We also need special national and international regulatory forums, Fukuyama argues, in which democratically constituted political communities can carry out the needed philosophical reflection on man's nature and destiny and exercise sovereignty over biotechnology.

Our Posthuman Future is of course far from the definitive word on biotechnology. Fukuyama remains too dismissive of the convictions of religious believers, and too enamored of such trendy scientific movements as evolutionary biology. (As *First Things* editor Richard John Neuhaus has recently argued, "Any theory claiming that both rape and kindness, both genocide and generosity, are survival techniques is somewhat lacking in explanatory power.") And his philosophical reflection occasionally leads him astray, as when he argues that we can assign embryos a lower moral status than infants, but a higher moral status than other kinds of cells or tissues that scientists work with. This may seem reasonable at first blush, but by the same logic a fully grown man would have a higher moral status than a newborn—which is counterintuitive at best and borders perilously on Peter Singer territory. For anyone seeking an ideal entry point into the biotechnology debate, however, Fukuyama's book is it. **NR**



McCain Strain

RICHARD LOWRY

Citizen McCain, by Elizabeth Drew
(Simon & Schuster, 256 pp., \$23)

WHATEVER else you think of John McCain, he is not an uninteresting political figure—except, that is, in the hands of Elizabeth Drew in this short hagiography. Drew, of course, is a veteran and much-honored political journalist, but she has produced a book that reads like a long, rejected *New Yorker* article. She spent months in and out of McCain's office during the 2001 fight over campaign-finance reform and chronicles here the utterly forgettable legislative minutiae, relieved only by periodic gushing pronouncements about McCain's virtue, courage, and kindness to small children and puppies.

By page one, we learn that the country might have collapsed into a pool of quivering goo if it hadn't been for McCain's leadership in the wake of September 11. "During this time," Drew writes, "he defined the situation, rallied the public's morale, and soothed it when it became fearful." Granted, McCain's instincts on the war are nearly flawless and he had some fine *Hardball* appearances in the weeks after the attacks. I suspect, however, that the fearful nation would have survived even if Citizen McCain hadn't had so many radio and TV bookings. This lack of proportion characterizes most of Drew's judgments in this book, which is why she manages to create a toxic mix—dullness, without the sobriety.

There are two large themes that are interesting about McCain. One is how the senator's rich personal history—including being the (in his early career at least) underperforming son and grandson of Navy admi-

—shaped his ambition and his view of politics (this side of McCain is wonderfully captured in his campaign book, *Faith of My Fathers*). The other is his ideological transformation over the last two years, which has been lamentable from a traditional conservative perspective, but is still an exhilarating object lesson in the power of ideas. It was the logic of his position on a fairly marginal issue, campaign-finance reform, that knocked him from his ideological moorings, and started his inexorable transformation from a reliable conservative vote to the Republican with whom Democrats most like to co-sponsor bills.

These two themes intertwine in the idea of honor. McCain's lodestar as a politician has never been a particular philosophical commitment, but his own patriotic service to country, his honor. Hence, his strong, shamed reaction to getting dragged into the Keating affair and his general distaste for the grubby compromises of partisan politics, both of which have helped make him a campaign-finance reformer. In the 2000 primary campaign, the issue of campaign finance became a powerful symbol of his honor—of his cursed willingness to go it alone and tell the truth—and then, accidentally almost, the chrysalis of a broader regulatory agenda.

But to complain that Elizabeth Drew has written a book dealing with none of this is to fall into the reviewer's trap of criticizing an author for writing the wrong book. In fairness to Drew, she

doesn't have a flair for the dramatic—she once wrote a tome called *Washington Journal: The Events of 1973–1974*—so she intended to write the most boring book possible about McCain. Drew should be granted this: She succeeds in chronicling what McCain said at various press conferences about such things as the "rule" in the House determining how proposed amendments to the campaign-finance bill would be voted on. Perhaps this is a service to history, but, then again, a fair amount of this material would be picked up in a Nexis search.

Even on her own terms of rendering the campaign-finance debate, Drew's book is incomplete. She never talks to anyone on the other side, perhaps because for Drew there isn't another side. It is taken for granted that American politics has been corrupted by big money, and that campaign-finance reform will fix it. Perhaps Drew thinks she has already established the desirability of reform in her imaginatively titled books, *Politics and Money: The New Road to Corruption* and *The Corruption of American Politics*. But, even so, some people persist in thinking that, rather than corrupt, American politics is perhaps as clean as it has ever been. (Since any corruption will immediately get relentlessly recounted in Elizabeth Drew books, there isn't much leeway for Huey Long these days.)

Drew has no time for such views, or for criticisms of McCain. She fawns over her subject, making it seem as though he is the first politician ever to use humor to put people at ease. She writes, in a typical passage, "Beneath the cheerful scamp, the instinctive and occasionally impulsive . . . pol, the guy who enjoys a good political fight, was a man thinking through his role in American politics. It was something bigger and more thoughtful than figuring the angles on how to become president." John McCain, a man for all seasons. Drew brushes off complaints about his temper, and then, in the most deliciously intriguing sentence in the book, writes that in one tiff with fellow reformer Chris Shays, "[McCain]

UNE ALLÉE DU LUXEMBOURG

After Gérard de Nerval

There she goes—my life! Quick as a wren,
Holding a rose and singing that song again.

She alone has the heart to answer mine,
Light my nights and warm my blood like wine . . .

Let her go 'round the corner. She's too young.
So long, my life: fair flower, old sweet song.

—DANIEL MARK EPSTEIN

let Shays know that he didn't care whether or not he attended the press conference." I wonder: How exactly did McCain let him know?

Drew is certainly right that McCain was effective in the campaign-finance debate, using his media platform to advantage and belying his reputation for nastiness by maintaining a determined good cheer in public. But this isn't as important to know as whether the legislation McCain was pushing was actually a worthy idea. Campaign-finance reformers take it as an article of faith that special-interest spending is corrupting because it buys special-interest influence. But it's not obvious that anything is wrong with this influence, unless you assume that the political process should be left to politicians, regulators, and the media. This doesn't seem a promising assumption on which to base the sort of populism typically imputed to McCain.

■

**McCain will lose much
of his populist charm as
he pursues a liberal
Democratic agenda.**

■

McCain does, of course, have a populist aspect. It was brilliantly identified by Walter Russell Mead in a *National Interest* essay on Jacksonianism, an anti-elitist, fiercely patriotic, bloody-minded tendency in American politics. McCain's experiment now is to see whether this genuinely populist sensibility—evident in his views on the war—can be wedded to a good-government regulatory agenda, if in effect he can become an NPR Jacksonian. Drew writes of the "guts" and "bloody-mindedness" of McCain's effort on campaign finance, odd words for such a bloodless, process-oriented enterprise. My guess is that McCain will lose much of his populist charm in the course of pursuing an increasingly conventional liberal Democratic agenda.

In which case, he won't create a new movement in American politics, but will continue to soak up the accolades of the media establishment. Elizabeth Drew, over to you. **NR**

Homeland Defense

JOHN FONTE

What's So Great About America, by Dinesh D'Souza (Regnery, 218 pp., \$27.95)

THIS book speaks to two different audiences, and does so with two distinct voices. The first voice addresses the general reader, a John Q. Public who has presumably been bombarded with an array of ideologies hostile to America's history and culture. This voice is vintage D'Souza: clear, graceful, and well reasoned. The second voice addresses D'Souza's fellow conservatives on political philosophy and strategy. This voice is highly problematic.

In the first three-quarters of the book, we hear D'Souza's first voice. It patiently explains to the reader that the multiculturalists, Third World radicals, Islamists, European critics, reparations seekers, and assorted cultural relativists are wrong about America: Our country is in fact "great and noble" and remains "worthy of our love and sacrifice."

D'Souza says the U.S. should be defended vigorously in the current war against radical Islamic terrorism. Media elites continue to reassure us that Islam, historically, is a "religion of peace," but D'Souza doesn't hesitate to challenge this comforting cliché. Quoting Bernard Lewis, he notes that Islamic culture has traditionally divided the world into the "House of Islam" and the "House of War"—and has, as a result, embraced as legitimate all forms of jihad or holy war against non-Muslim peoples. The radical Islamists hate us, D'Souza maintains, not because they misunderstand us, but because they understand us all too well. They know that "America is a subversive idea"—and that the spread of American ideals such as democracy,



capitalism, and individual rights will undermine their efforts to establish theocracy.

While radical Islamism at home and abroad dominates today's headlines, D'Souza believes that "the most serious internal critique of America" comes from multicultural ideologists, who are "a powerful, perhaps even dominant force in American high schools and colleges." They denigrate Western culture, while promoting the patently contradictory dogma that no culture is superior to any other. D'Souza points out that for the past 500 years—thanks to its creation and development of modern science, democracy, and capitalism—the West has in fact surpassed other civilizations.

He also skillfully debunks the arguments of those who want America to pay reparations to black Americans for slavery. He points out that while slavery and racism have existed throughout all of history, it was Americans and Westerners—not Africans (who first enslaved fellow Africans, then sold them to Europeans), Asians, or Middle Easterners—who acted most forcefully against these evils. He quotes the historian C. Vann Woodward, who noted that in the U.S. Civil War 500,000 white soldiers were killed, "one life for every six slaves freed."

As an immigrant and a self-described "person of color," D'Souza is persuasive in describing the attraction of America to newcomers from all races and cultures. For individuals from nonwhite ethnic

groups he champions what he calls the "immigrant strategy" (focusing on economic advancement instead of perceived grievances) as opposed to the "Jesse Jackson strategy" (emphasis on political agitation and past injustices). A good part of D'Souza's examination of immigrant successes makes sense; he is too quick, however, to dismiss the concerns of many conservatives about the possible "Balkanization of America." He asserts that because the assimilative powers of American culture are very strong, America "never will be Bosnia."

But while it's true that America never will be Bosnia, it could very well become Berkeley: Instead of assimilating into the traditional melting pot, newcomers

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could be indoctrinated into the multicultural ideology of ethnic resentments and group (instead of American) consciousness. This is the type of “assimilation” promoted by elite American universities. As historian Victor Davis Hanson has noted, the convergence of a dominant multicultural ideology with mass immigration is especially destructive.

D’Souza contrasts immigrants and indigenous minorities, arguing that “African-Americans and American Indians are the only groups for whom patriotism is a problem.” He is hopeful even about Muslim immigrants to America and Europe, asserting that “they have renounced jihad of the sword and confined themselves to jihad of the pen”—but this ignores a very important fact: After September 11, American Muslims have simply not rallied to the war on terrorism the way Japanese-Americans, German-Americans, and Italian-Americans rallied to the nation in World War II. Indeed, the best empirical evidence available shows that only one in ten Muslim immigrants is more loyal to the U.S. than to the Muslim nation of his birth. The problematic nature of Muslim immigration for American democracy is a major blind spot in D’Souza’s analysis.

In the last quarter of the book, D’Souza’s second voice emerges. Here he addresses his fellow conservatives, and his argument runs as follows: Since the 1960s, “America has become a different country,” because the worldview of Jean-Jacques Rousseau has triumphed. The pre-Rousseauian morality held that “human nature is flawed,” and that therefore to rely on one’s feelings or “inner voice” is misguided. It is not through inchoate feelings but through reason or revelation that we should determine how to behave. Rousseau, says D’Souza, “turns this paradigm upside down. For him, human nature is basically good.” Thus, we should listen to our “inner voice”—because this voice alone is authentic. Rousseau’s “ideal of authenticity” is now “entrenched and pervasive” in American culture, no matter how much cultural conservatives “react to it with fear and loathing.”

D’Souza argues that “instead of completely denying the value of expressive

freedom, conservatives would do better to embrace it—at least, in part . . . and focus on educating people” about the best use of that freedom. Thus, the conservative “mission” in contemporary America “is to steer the American ethic of authenticity” in ways that “ennoble freedom by showing it the path to virtue.”

D’Souza concedes too much. The mission of American conservatism is to “conserve,” and implement, the principles of the American Founding. The anti-Rousseau is James Madison, who wrote in *Federalist* Number 51 that “if men were angels, no government would be necessary. If angels were to govern men, neither external nor internal controls on government would be necessary.” The Founders believed that human nature is indeed flawed, hence the need for constitutional checks and balances; that there is an objective moral order ascertainable by man through the use of reason; and that, as George Washington put it in his Farewell Address, “reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.”

■ **D’Souza unleashes a barrage of strong moral and patriotic arguments.** ■

The Founders’ goal was the establishment of a system of *ordered* liberty. The goal of 21st-century conservatives should not be the abandonment of the Founders’ vision by first “embracing,” then “steering,” a Rousseauian ethic of *autonomous* liberty in a more conservative direction. D’Souza admits that the “inner self needs a compass,” but he states that there is “no reason to believe that this understanding is impervious to reason.” True enough, but at the same time, there is every reason to believe that “this understanding” (i.e., listening to one’s inner voice) could very well be, and often is, impervious to reason. In short, by embracing (albeit for tactical purposes) the “ethic of authenticity” or the concept of the imperial self, D’Souza is removing the scaffolding of both Judeo-Christian revelation and Enlight-

enment reason and leaving us no platform on which to stand except a type of Heideggerian will or its derivative, the French existentialist ethic of Jean-Paul Sartre.

D’Souza sometimes sounds like Heidegger, who emphasized authenticity and personal will in the service of self-chosen ideals, regardless of the content of those ideals. Thus, D’Souza praises the “idealism” of a fictional “Starbucks guy” with “the Mohawk hair, the earrings, the nose-ring, the studs on his forehead and tongue, the tattoos.” He tells us that the “Starbucks guy is an idealist” who, although misguided, is trying to be “authentic.” The conservative task is to point out to the Starbucks guy “more meaningful ways” to “convey his individuality” by, for example—and here D’Souza echoes Heidegger and Sartre—“dedicating himself to a cause he believes in.” The goal of the cause itself is apparently secondary to the authenticity of one’s dedication.

Perhaps realizing that he has gone too far, D’Souza in his final chapter regains his initial voice and unleashes a barrage of strong moral and patriotic arguments. He tells us that while “much of America is immersed in Rousseau’s ethic of authenticity,” firemen, policemen, and soldiers are not. The “older, sturdier culture of courage, nobility, and sacrifice” is “indispensable” for the preservation of American liberties, “including that of the Starbucks guy.” But if one “embraces” the ethic of the untutored inner voice and rejects all external norms (norms that are not themselves self-created), then there is no clear basis on which to convince the Starbucks guy (or Americans in general) that America is, as D’Souza rightly puts it, “the greatest, freest, and most decent society in existence.” After all, the Starbucks guy’s inner voice may tell him that America is a “racist” society; and D’Souza’s paradigm does not have a clear answer for him.

D’Souza has earned the gratitude of conservatives and thoughtful liberals not only for his writing, but also for his brave defense of American principles on hostile college campuses. But even with all its strengths, his latest book is one about which serious defenders of the American Founding must, unfortunately, remain ambivalent. **NR**

In the Snows and Elsewhere

JAY NORDLINGER

WANT to hear something good? Fortunately, there's plenty of good, at the record shop. We'll do a sampling of recent releases, mainly winners.

Begin with Sibelius. We're apt to know the Second or Fifth Symphony, and the little, haunting *Valse triste*, and maybe the violin concerto—and we surely know that great nationalist blast, *Finlandia*. But we're less apt to know Sibelius's chamber music, which is why it's good to have the complete string quartets on—what other label?—*Finlandia*. This music is very much like Sibelius: pure, cool, strange, subtle, suddenly emotional, energetic. It evokes an entire climate, or state of mind. The quartets on these (two) discs are played by two groups, the Sibelius Academy Quartet and the New Helsinki Quartet. Each plays with sympathy, enthusiasm, and mastery. The last two quartets—there are four—are particularly fine, deserving of a place not only in the standard chamber-music repertory but in our conception of Sibelius.

Stay up in the snows for a while, and also with chamber music. From Grieg, of course, there's the *Peer Gynt* score, plus that wild, unique Piano Concerto—but there's also a cello sonata and a string quartet, presented on a disc from Virgin. The sonata, Grieg wrote for his brother, an amateur cellist. It is no amateur piece. If the Sibelius quartets are Sibelius-like, this sonata—along with the string quartet—is very Grieg-like. In the first movement, the Piano Concerto is practically quoted, verbatim. The piece sparkles lyrically, as with most Grieg, and it charms throughout. But it's more than charming: It is serious music,

seriously and successfully played (by Truls Mork, cello, and Havard Gimse, piano).

For the string quartet, Mork is joined by three colleagues who are, like the cellist, young and Norwegian. They give a performance of nimbleness, beauty, and heart. We hear some of Grieg's Lyric Pieces for piano here, and overall there is an essential happiness: a contentment, an appreciation, imbedded in the music and expressed in the playing.

Someone mentioned the Lyric Pieces: There is—you may have heard—a much-touted young Norwegian pianist on the scene, one Leif Ove Andsnes. He has a very wide repertory, but he has paid obeisance to his national composer, Grieg, coming out now with a batch of Lyric Pieces on EMI. The gimmick here is that he plays Grieg's own piano at the composer's picturesque villa outside Bergen. No gimmicks should be necessary, however. Andsnes is a skilled pianist, if not without problems in these masterly miniatures: Often he is rather plodding, thumping—these are Lyric Pieces, of course, not Thumping Pieces. He can be somewhat mechanical, without silk. And some of the elfin bits aren't so elfin, wearing heavy shoes. So, you won't want to throw away your Emil Gilels album—you *do* have his Lyric Pieces, don't you?—but Andsnes, despite my reservations, is an honorable alternative.

Back to chamber music for a second, but away from the extreme North. One of the most impressive Brahms albums in memory comes from Angel, and it features the Eroica Trio. The program is the First and Second Trios, with a Hungarian Dance and the Lullaby as fillers and bonuses. I must say, I was predisposed against this recording: The Eroica Trio consists of three young, exceptionally attractive women, who are pictured very glam on the CD cover. What is this, an all-girl band, marketed as near-cheesecake? Ah, but they can play. To paraphrase an old ad slogan, don't hate them because they're beautiful. This is a hugely stirring recording, full of strength and soul. It's very Romantic—very lush—but well within bounds (that is, Brahmsian bounds). Over the past several weeks, I have

found it hard to stop listening to this CD.

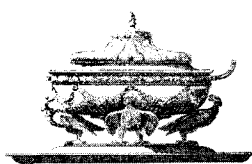
George Meany once said admiringly of Midge Decter—as she was speaking at a function, really letting loose—“Who the hell is this goil?” I ask, in the same spirit, Who the hell are these goils, Erika Nickrenz, Adela Peña, and Sara Sant'Ambrogio? I don't know, other than that they're the Eroica Trio, and one should keep an eye on them.

Switch over to tenors—no, not Tenors (although they're still going strong, for the most part), but lower-case guys: and all from South America, the evident new home of the tenor. First, there's José Cura, an Argentinean, touted sometimes as the new Domingo. He certainly has the dark good looks—which his PR team happily exploits—but not necessarily the instrument and the musical charisma. He has much to commend, however. One of his new albums is Verdi arias (Erato). Very strangely, this young man conducts himself—and the Philharmonia Orchestra—on this CD, which may be a first for such a project. Richard Tucker wouldn't have grabbed the stick from Toscanini (and lived).

A second album of Cura's is *Boleros* (Warner Classics), a collection of jazzed-up—and sort of Mancini-ized—Latin American love songs. If this is your cup of tea, it goes down easy: Julio Iglesias, if Iglesias had Cura's pipes and musical refinement.

Another Argentinean, Marcelo Álvarez, has done an album of French opera arias (Sony): the hits from *Werther*, *The Tales of Hoffmann*, and so on. This is not an especially beautiful voice, being prone to nasality and a pinchedness; the intonation is sometimes shaky; the singing can be dull. Also, some of these interpretations lack a Gallic cleanness and grace, leaning toward Latin ripeness (not to stereotype). But: The French tenor repertoire is important, not everyone sings it, and Álvarez certainly sings it adequately. He is a valuable commodity.

A fantastically valuable commodity is the Peruvian Juan Diego Flórez, who's been bringing houses down in New York and other important places. He is a “coloratura tenor,” or would be, if we



used that phrase. Flórez is a Rossini specialist, with a light, high, sweet, extremely flexible voice. He can do gymnastics in the air, as proven in his new collection of Rossini arias (from Decca). Few tenors can even attempt this *Fach*—this line of vocal work—so Flórez would be a hot commodity even if he weren't so good: would be sought after just because he can show up. But he's a strikingly able singer, over whom they'll be yelling for years.

Okay, Ramón Vargas is not a South American, but he is Mexican, so close enough. He's part of this young crop—maybe the star of it—and he, too, has an album of Verdi arias (RCA), and nicely less-familiar ones. His singing is elegant, virile, and stylistically correct. We may soon be without Tenors—dread the day—but we will not be entirely without tenorial comfort.

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**Previn started in Hollywood,
Korngold finished there—it
is fitting and touching that
Previn pays tribute to him.**

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Over, now, to a pianist, Arcadi Volodos, the virtuosic young Russian. He is, indeed, a virtuoso—belonging to the grand old tradition—and he has proven it in any number of concerts and recordings: His live CD of Rachmaninoff's famous and fearsome Third Concerto, for example, is one of the best of that much-assayed work. But now Volodos has perhaps sent a signal with an album of Schubert (Sony). That signal, if it is one, is that this is a complete and serious pianist, not a mere finger-artist. At the center of this CD is Schubert's great and profound Sonata in G, D. 894, and Volodos handles it with sensitivity and maturity. Earlier, I said, "Don't hate them because they're beautiful." About Volodos, one could say, "Don't hate him because he has phenomenal technique"—that is, don't dismiss him as a circus act, just because he can play rings around you. Volodos is obviously a musician.

Something red-white-and-blue now: From RCA, we have *American Anthem*, featuring the mezzo-soprano Denyce

Graves, along with other singers, instrumentalists, and groups, past and present. This is a potpourri of patriotic songs and hymns, culled from the label's vast library. Graves made an impression back in September when she sang in the National Cathedral, for the post-9/11 memorial service. The new album takes advantage of this fame and spirit—and donates proceeds to the Red Cross. Among the Graves items are "America the Beautiful" and Malotte's "Lord's Prayer." She sings simply, unaffectedly, with dignity—"unoperatically." When it comes to the song literature, she tends to ennoble whatever she touches.

For my money, though—long as we're on the subject—the best "patriotic" album is that of the incomparable Leontyne Price, *God Bless America* (RCA again). The orchestral arrangements are frighteningly soupy, gaudy, and schmaltzy, but Price overcomes them—and her "Lift Ev'ry Voice and Sing" will lift the hair from your neck.

Finally, take a trip out to Hollywood. Deutsche Grammophon has released a new album of André Previn conducting film scores of Erich Wolfgang Korngold. Previn, of course, began in Hollywood—or rather, he began in Berlin, and had to flee with his family in 1939. They went to L.A. Korngold had begun in Vienna, establishing himself as one of the preeminent composers on the continent—and he, too, found refuge in Movieland. So, Korngold finished his (somewhat sad and unfulfilled) career in the studios, and Previn started out there, before moving on to greater glory in the classical world. (I bet he still has his four Oscars on some shelf, however.) It is both fitting and touching that Previn pays tribute to Korngold—not to mention that he conducts Korngold superbly.

On the new CD, we hear music from *The Sea Hawk* (an Errol Flynn vehicle), *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex* (Flynn and Bette Davis), and two other films. But true GOP-ers will be disappointed to know that we get nothing from *Kings Row*, a fine Korngold score, and the movie that Ronald Reagan, and most everyone else, considered the Gipper's best.

So, Mr. Previn, where's the rest of him—Korngold? **NR**

■ CITY DESK ■

Beauty Spot

RICHARD BROOKHISER

IT was 6:00 in the evening on Fifth Avenue where St. Patrick's Cathedral and Rockefeller Center glare at each other over the rush like Scylla and Charybdis—one of the worst times and places to hail a cab. Unless a cab disgorges at your feet, you must hope that an off-duty hack heading to Brooklyn will pick you up for some extra change on his way home. Two of us caught such a cabbie's eye, and since our destinations were only blocks apart, we shared the ride.

Since she was 30, she unflipped her cell and called another young woman to ask when X would set the date to marry his fiancée, to insist that Y was only a friend, and to wonder whether Tina Brown would work for *Rolling Stone*. Old and invisible, I stared out the window at the metal scarab beetles surging around us, and had the final indignity, when I gave her my fare on getting out first, to be sweetly waved off, and told to give it to the next homeless man I met, "to keep the karma flowing."

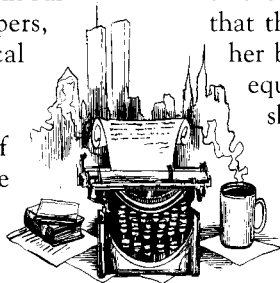
But the trip was useful, for I became conscious of something I must have been sensing, through the daily sleep of inattention: the "new laugh." Next day I overheard it on the sidewalk. Now it is my friend. You could call it metallic, but it also sounds like a comb rasping against wax paper, only louder. My working hypothesis is that it was created in bars: not the bar of, say, the Century Association, but the bars that hold one hundred young people, grabbing the gin drinks with both hands, and blowing off decibels. In such an atmosphere, a normal laugh would be inaudible, so young women have developed the "new laugh" to make their amusement register. So it joins the "cry of recognition"—*aaaaaiiii!*—which I first heard about 15 years ago.

Both the "new laugh" and the "cry of

recognition" convey information, but they are obnoxious, so it is unfortunate that young women feel they must emit them. I will let women comment on such masculine offenses as goatees and puking. Young women are one of the treasures of the city, and now, in our war against the harem keepers, even an issue of geopolitical magnitude, so I will concentrate on them.

A more arresting way of conveying information is the midriff slice. This is the gap between the shirt or blouse, and the skirt or pants. Now that spring has returned to the Northern Hemisphere the midriff slice shines on every sidewalk, but it was there all winter long, waiting to be uncovered as soon as coats were removed. Drafts could not stop it. The models and would-be models of course show it: the six-foot-tall girls with necks like stalks and heads like delicately balanced wild orchids. But so does the iron-pumper in my gym, with the dragon-head tattoo on her right shoulder, and the dragon body scaling down her well-biceped arm. The prosperous young woman with her toenails done red (but very well done, like a car that has had bodywork) has a midriff slice, as does the dancer behind the counter in the coffee house who lives on scraps and dreams, and is so happy to be cast in a showcase (for which she will be paid nothing, though that beats being paid nothing for not being in a showcase). Not-young women wear them years after they should, and I saw a pregnant woman wearing one months after she should. But neither shape, nor status, nor age, nor condition can affect the imperative of the midriff slice, for the message it conveys is too important.

That message is: I am beautiful, look at me. Great; happy to oblige. Monica, it seems, was ahead of the curve when she flashed her thong at the successor of Lincoln and Washington. But as with the "new laugh" and the "cry of recognition," there is a problem. Exposed in this fashion, the female midriff is seldom the average female's strongest suit. There is always a roll of flesh. In a sane culture, such as the one that produced Rembrandt and Rubens, this would not matter, but in our weight-obsessed world,



you would think young women would prospect elsewhere. I have listened in silent wonder as a *maitresse d'*, who could pass through a cat door, complained bitterly of her *fat*, grabbing it between a thumb and forefinger. It would of course be futile to tell her that there is nothing wrong with her body mass. But it would be equally futile to suggest that she lower her shirttail. So she must suffer.

These days, the midriff slice is also apt to expose much foreign matter: navel piercings, tattoos (which I hope are temporary). Metal confuses the message; it suggests tiny pieces of armor. Why suit up after you've opened the gates? (Maybe there is a fear that the gates have been opened too wide.) Some back and belly tattoos serve the obvious function of signs on an interstate: GO THIS WAY. But most of the glimpses of curls, swirls, and Moroccan rococo are simply distracting.

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There is always a roll of flesh. In a sane culture, such as the one that produced Rembrandt and Rubens, this would not matter.

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None of this matters; the message must get out, and the midriff was the next available medium, like DVD. People young enough to pierce themselves cannot remember the frenzy that miniskirts once caused. Legs were the great billboard. Then some irreducible demand for convenience and comfort reasserted itself; women would not forever subject themselves to chills and pantyhose. The bosom is a hardy perennial, but we are actually more protective of it than some societies (e.g., Restoration England and Regency France). Now the midriff is having its run.

One thing in favor of such bald, formalized messages: They are great equalizers. Few of us are as beautiful as Catherine Deneuve in her prime. But all of us can say, "Look at me." All it takes is an inch and a half.

NR

■ BOOKS IN BRIEF ■

Napoleon, by Paul Johnson (Viking, 190 pp., \$19.95)

JOHNSON, the British historian renowned for such monumental surveys as *A History of the Jews* and *Modern Times*, narrows his focus in his most recent work, a slender biography of Napoleon. This splendid addition to the Penguin Lives series offers a comprehensive view of Napoleon in all of his incarnations: as an ambitious Corsican youngster, opportunistic revolutionary, invincible general, overreaching emperor, rapacious lover, and, finally, impotent exile. Johnson's pithy and devastating judgments, reminiscent of Tacitus—e.g., "Warfare, from being a means to an end, became an end in itself, and Bonaparte, having once unsheathed his sword, found it impossible to lay it down for long"—and clear and direct prose make for a story that is fascinating and instructive.

The book moves swiftly, leading us along Napoleon's meteoric rise up the ranks of the French army and through his stunning victories in battle after battle. Johnson offers an impressive selection of harrowing details: At the battle of Austerlitz, the artillery fired red-hot shot into frozen ponds over which 2,000 Russians were attempting to flee; the ice melted and the Russians were drowned. Other details make us recoil even further at Napoleon's disregard for human life: He told Metternich that, rather than accept dishonorable terms of peace, he would gladly sacrifice a million men. By book's end, one is glad that Johnson never allows his readers to succumb, as so many have before, to the temptation of thinking that greatness can compensate for utter lack of goodness. As Johnson writes in the last line of his biography, "All forms of greatness, military and administrative, nation and empire building, are as nothing—indeed are perilous in the extreme—without a humble and a contrite heart."

—SARAH MASERATI

■ SHELF LIFE ■

MARK SKOUSEN is a learned economist who recently accepted the post of president of the Foundation for Economic Education. It need not be asked by what economic principles he is guided. FEE, as it is universally referred to, was founded in 1946 by the late Leonard Reed and can remark about itself that it is "America's oldest free-market organization." Skousen has written a lot of highbrow books, including *Playing the Price Controls Game*, *The Structure of Production*, and *The Investor's Bible: Mark Skousen's Principles of Investment*.

The news in this quarter is that his book, *The Making of Modern Economics*, is a reference bible. It is organized around themes, the first—appropriately—entitled "It All Started with Adam [Smith!]." He walks the reader through chapters in Malthus, Ricardo, Mill, Marx, Mises. The eighth chapter is on "Marshalling the Troops: Scientific Economics Comes of Age." On through Chapter 13: "The Keynes Mutiny: Capitalism Faces Its Greatest Challenge." He celebrates the other "Milton's Paradise: Friedman Leads a Monetary Counterrevolution," and ends with "Dr. Smith Goes to Washington: The Triumph of Market Economics."

What is especially fine about the book is not only its scope but its organization. Every page has bold-faced subheads giving the curious reader a handy and authoritative definition of what it is, in the not-so-long history of economic thought, he might want to learn about, or remind himself of. The text under the heading "The First Fundamental Theorem of Welfare Economy" ends three paragraphs later with the sentence, "Let's look more closely at the lives and ideas of three economic wizards, Walras, Pareto, and Edgeworth, who founded the branch of welfare economics."

On very short acquaintance with this book I've formed an attachment to it, and it will sit on my reference shelf, awaiting a final chapter: "The End of Socialist Superstitions." What an absolutely ideal gift for college students.

It is available through Amazon.com and is published by M. E. Sharpe, Armonk, N.Y.

—WFB

LIVING during the decline of the West—and being much aware of it—is not at all that hopeless and terrible," writes historian John Lukacs: It's not a bad summary of his charming worldview. His new book, *At the End of an Age* (Yale, 230 pp., \$22.95), is intended as a summa of Lukacs's life as a writer of history. The book is not an autobiography but a series of reflections on the theory of knowledge, both scientific and historical.

Lukacs believes that we have reached the end of the modern era in epistemology, and should prepare to move from its very particular brand of objectivity toward a new and modest anthropocentrism: "Contrary to all accepted ideas we must now, at the end of an Age, recognize that *we*, and *our earth*, are at the center of our universe. We did not *create* the universe. But the universe is our *invention*; and, as are all human and mental inventions, time-bound, relative, and potentially fallible." Lukacs's brand of Christian theology is basically incarnational: He says we should be at home in the world. It is also marked by a great humility: "There is—probably—an evolution, not only of our churches and of our religion, but of our God-belief: an inevitable evolution not because the truth of God is relative but because our thinking, and our pursuit of Him, is fallible and historic."

The author tackles weighty matters, but he is a consistently engaging writer, and some of his sly asides are among the best parts of the book. Just one example: He dismisses the writing of once-Marxist historian E. H. Carr as "an automobile-age version of Tolstoy's nineteenth-century nonsense of History as a Locomotive," and continues, "Tolstoy and Carr deny free will. Moreover, the important thing is where the driver is going and not, as Tolstoy declared, the mechanism of the locomotive; the important question is 'What is Carr driving at?' and not 'What make is this Carr?'"

■ Those looking for a comprehensive anthology of libertarian thought on today's pressing issues should seek out *Toward Liberty: The Idea That Is Changing the World* (Cato, 460 pp., \$10.95), edited by David Boaz. With the publication of this impressive volume, the Cato Institute is celebrating its 25th anniversary—and celebrating is the *mot juste*. A quarter-century ago, the forces of global freedom were in retreat; today, free people and free markets are more broadly recognized than ever before as the key to a just and healthy society.

Included in the book is a speech at a 1993 Cato banquet by P. J. O'Rourke. He speaks for the consensus:

I don't know what's good for you. You don't know what's good for me. We don't know what's good for mankind. And it sometimes seems as though we're the only people who don't. It may well be that gathered here in this room tonight are all the people in the world who don't want to tell all the people in the world what to do.

That is because we believe in freedom.

Of course, one of the most enjoyable uses of freedom is giving moral lectures to other people; and one hopes O'Rourke would not begrudge any of us that guilty pleasure. But his broader point is both eloquent and accurate: Freedom works, so let's stick to it. Those still needing to be convinced would do well to read the rest of this fine book.

■ James K. Fitzpatrick is a writer for the *Wanderer*, a prominent conservative Catholic weekly newspaper. His 1976 book *Jesus Christ Before He Became a Superstar* is one of the best analyses, from a traditionalist perspective, of the troubles of Catholic theology in the post-Vatican II era; it is, sadly, out of print, but it is worth chasing down a used copy. Fitzpatrick has now written a novel, *The Dead Sea Conspiracy: Teilhard de Chardin and the New American Church* (Winepress, 250 pp., \$12.95), which offers breezy theological entertainment. The title is very misleading: The book is not an essay but a work of popular fiction, with a suspense plot involving the discovery of "evidence" that Jesus did not actually rise from the dead.

—MICHAEL POTEMRA

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WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

How *Much* Satisfaction?

NEW YORK, APRIL 26

THE most recent news on classical music in broadcasting is that the market for it continues to dwindle, with the result that even such consecrated enterprises as New York's WNYC, which was recently manumitted from city ownership by raising many millions, is severely reducing the ration of daily classical music. Although I was never municipalized, I felt WNYC's pain. The New York broadcasting station I once had a voice in governing (WNCN) went from all classical to all rock 20 years ago because revenues had fallen below maintenance level. What happened was instructive. An avenging angel from Chicago bought it, went classical, and, a few years later, gave up. It is now all rock again. Commentators on the WNYC event, citing the experience of other classical radio stations, concluded ruefully that the audience wasn't there. Competing formats are edging in, mostly news and talk shows.

An interesting question arises, which I approach at the other end of the pain-pleasure question. Some years ago I was professionally interested in what I thought was a scientific inquiry, namely, can the degree of pain be quantified? Obviously a pin prick hurts less than a severed limb. But is it possible to answer the question: By how much is it more painful?

I ended up on the telephone with an obliging neurologist at the Yale medical school who said that to be sure, tolerance of pain varies from person to person, so that hypothetically painful X done to Martha can hurt Jane at X minus Y, hurt Elsie at X plus Y. But—he said—there is no way to measure Y. The degree of pain is measured only empirically.

Does listening to Beethoven's Eroica Symphony bring a higher degree of pleasure than listening to contemporary rock? The operative conviction of classical-music devotees is: Yes. But how does one prove it?

One way to measure the gratification that classical music gives is to observe the pains listeners go to to seek it out. They line up for blocks to hear Argerich—but so do they to hear Prince. You can argue that the profundity of the pleasure given

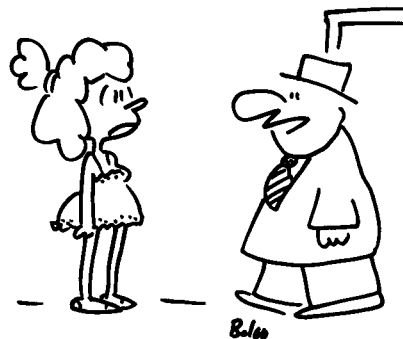
by Bach exceeds that given by Johnny Mercer—but, once again, how do you prove it?

Gratification is, to begin with, distinctive to the sense being stroked. Sexual pleasure is had at its own, unique level. So also the pleasure from food and wine, though there is no objective means of calculating the degree of extra pleasure taken from a Petrus '61 over a Merlot '02, or from veal prepared by Girardet, over the veal prepared at the motor inn.

If it could be established that classical music provides a profounder satisfaction than the kind of music that attracts the listening audience (and the advertisers), should it be a civic obligation to provide for schoolchildren an exposure to it? A second question would ask, Does listening to classical music, at ages 9 to 16, in fact stimulate a lifelong appetite for it? Is it possible to get from an 80-year-old on his deathbed a kind of public affirmation of gratitude to the persons or schools that exposed him, as a child, to good music?

If the utilitarian aspect of any practice were discounted, would there still be a case for cultivating it? Asked whether intimacy breeds licentiousness, one seminar student said he didn't know, but that, on the other hand, a lack of intimacy breeds nothing at all. Food sustains life; what is it that good food sustains? Reading makes possible following traffic instructions, but should children be taught reading on the presumption that pleasure is derived from its exercise?

The television people who thought up *Survivor* should consider locking a dozen people up for a year with only the classics to listen to, while another dozen get only the rock music one hears on the radio.



"Maybe you should close the window blinds—some guy out on the sidewalk is renting lawn chairs and selling popcorn."

When set free, how would one go about testing satisfactions won by the first group, over those of the second?

If the results proved anything heartening, they should be rushed to WNYC, to be broadcast during its talk shows.

Catholic Adjustment To Liberal Laws

NEW YORK, APRIL 30

THE ongoing drama of the Catholic Church in a liberal society is tantalizing. Day by day, the bishops run into U.S. orthodoxies. Here are three postulates of U.S. liberal sociology.

1. People makes mistakes, and society should recognize that such mistakes are, as often as not, the result of tensions and ambivalences and confusions and inequalities in the society that has nurtured them.

—However. In the matter of the Catholic priests, we do not want to hear that kind of thing. We want to be reassured that every priest who is accused of improper relations with boys (or girls) will be reported directly to prosecutors who should be given exclusive dominion over the priest's life and career. And we expect that the priest complained of should immediately be withdrawn from clerical life and duty.

2. Some people are homosexual, some people have red hair. It is a lingering prejudice of a society not yet secure against the call of cultural atavism that homosexuals are thought of as in any way different from heterosexuals, save obviously in the matter of whom they elect to have sex with. Prejudice against homosexuals, qua homosexuals, is on the order of prejudice against women, Jews, and blacks.

—However. A commitment to First Amendment rights requires the protection of religious freedom, and the Catholic Church, while not condemning the man or woman who has homosexual inclinations, does condemn the practice of homosexual sex. This inevitably gives rise to a level of prejudice that the Catholics have to come to terms with. If all Catholic homosexuals are expected to be celibate, then the Church is in effect imposing on the entire Catholic homosexual community

standards of behavior reasonably demanded only of priests who take voluntary vows.

3. It has never been established that the culture in which sexual appetites are indulged in newspapers, magazines, movies, and books, is on that account, a society mandated to sexual promiscuity. The same First Amendment that preserves the right to exercise one's own religion preserves also the right of the sensualist and the pornographer to display his wares, and of the Hollywood actor to observe his marriage vows only for as long as it is convenient for him/her to do so.

—However. The Catholic Church opts to exact vows of celibacy in its ministry. That exaction, we know from nothing more than a wise study of mankind, is in most cases inordinate, and unrealistic. The temptations of a celibate priestly order are manifest, but the enforcement of their outworn code is a matter for the bishops to undertake, and civil authorities to step in where there is child abuse. Now, even if the libertine imperative can be resisted by normal men and women, people who don't translate rampant sexual indulgences of others into a license to personal promiscuity, the Catholic priest is different. The priest, by the rules of the Church, is a male, and has to be required to observe civil standards of appropriate behavior. There are not many instances of Catholic priests abusing girls, but a good many, as we have seen, of Catholic priests abusing boys. This is not to be translated into the suggestion that homosexuals have a greater propensity than heterosexuals to violate their vows to celibacy. It means merely that the Church has to take stronger measures to guard against rule-breaking. But such measures must not call for any prejudice against ordaining homosexuals.

But can we talk about such things? Monsignor Eugene Clark, the rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, is a radiant light of eloquence, evangelical charm, and courage. In his renowned sermon of last week he elaborated on five "grim influences" that have taken their toll. He spoke of a flawed moral theology, an attack on celibacy, the fear to exclude homosexuals from the priesthood, a weakening of high standards in choosing candidates for the priesthood, and an understanding of the influence of our pagan culture.

Somebody walked out of the church after hearing the homily. Where will he go, one wonders?

The House of Disillusion

NEW YORK, MAY 14

THE news of clerical sin has become so commonplace, journalistic interest attaches now to the absence of sin. A story in the *New York Times* is headlined, "Scandal Wrenches Church but Not Its Teenagers." The dateline is Dedham, Mass., and the story tells of a prayer night at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, where 80 teenagers were "huddled together on the floor of the candlelit parish center basement." Their youth minister reminded them that they were "two weeks away from Pentecost, and one week from Mother's Day. Jesus," he reminded them, "is always with you."

Father Chris Hickey, a priest at St. Mary's, told the reporter that he was "devastated by the revelations about priests abusing young parishioners. 'I broke down in January, thinking about the betrayal of trust.'" Man bites dog in Dedham, Mass.: a priest tending to the spiritual needs of teenagers, rather than sexually abusing them.

Even though it is nowhere alleged that disclosures of sinful activity by priests impugn the integrity of the entire ministry, that nevertheless is the passing legacy of the current scandals. One priest reports to a friend that he will not hear the confession of a teenager, save when someone else is nearby to attest that there was no mischief attempted. That can sound paranoid, but one can excuse excesses of caution by the innocent, to guard against what seems corrupt taint.

Such has happened before in the history of the Catholic Church. A reader recalls a sentence in *Admiral of the Ocean Sea* by Professor Samuel Eliot Morison in respect of priestly chastity: "In an era when grandees, bishops, and princes of the Church openly paraded their mistresses and procured honors and titles for their bastards, nobody criticized Columbus for not marrying the mother of his second son." Thirty years after Columbus discovered America, Martin Luther was preaching the inadvisability of obligatory celibacy: "These things are matters of choice and must not be forbidden by any one, and if they are forbidden, the forbidding is wrong, since it is contrary to God's ordinance. In the things that are free, such as being married or remaining sin-

gle, you should take this attitude: If you can keep to it without burdensomeness, then keep it; but it must not be made a general law." Three years later, the man who became Pastor Luther was married.

Is there any sin so grave that a Christian could not conceivably commit it? It might seem that the abuse of a child is the maximum sin, but such would not be acknowledged by the prosecution in Arusha, Tanzania, where three Roman Catholic priests, one Seventh-day Adventist pastor, and one Anglican bishop are being tried for—no less—complicity in genocide. They are Rwandan citizens, and it is alleged that they cooperated with what became, in 1994's civil war, the murder of 500,000 Tutsis by the rival Hutu tribe. The defendants Pastor Ntakirutimana and his son, a medical doctor, are defended by Ramsey Clark, former attorney general of the United States, whose search for infamous clients may at last have been achieved. The Catholic defendants were complained about to Rome, which, it is reported, was until recently only listlessly concerned. "There has been a clear turn-about in the Catholic Church," a prosecutor now reports. "In the last few months they have done everything to facilitate our work."

But what can Rome, or the Seventh-day Adventists, or the Anglican Church, or the Catholic bishops do to stop Rwandans from engaging in genocide, or American priests from abusing children? What can be done at the civil level is obvious: cooperate with agencies that detect, overcome such obstacles as Ramsey Clarks can put in the way, and put the criminals in jail, or hang them as in Nuremberg.

But the terrible, wilting casualties multiply by one hundred the pain of the deceased and the mutilated, the pain of the demoralized. Because indifference to the commandments of the religion of the priests, American and Rwandan, is indifference to the primal commandments of civilized and humane life. What has been done, and is now everywhere explored, is the violation of the word of God by professional practitioners of the word of God, and the cynicism engendered is awful in implication, scandals that can wrench the faith even of the teenagers at St. Mary's in Dedham, except as they hew to the demands of their faith, which counsel that hope cannot be abandoned, nor spurned.

—UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE

FLORENCE KING

TWENTY years ago when I published a book with Viking, somebody got the fan mail mixed up and sent me Stephen King's by mistake. That has to be my most memorable experience with what the trade calls "reader response," but the Gentle Readers of NR are not far behind. Coming in a very close second is the letter I got the other day:

"I loved your piece about your Aunt Ellen, I really did. It was sweet and tender and loving, and it scared the hell out of me. It sounded like you were getting nice. Please, I beg of you, don't get nice. That's all I need at this point. It would be the end of me, I couldn't go on if you turned nice on us, so please let us know that you're still your old self."

Okey-dokey. I aim to please, so here is a roundup of what keeps me in a rolling boil.

George W. Bush: I don't care if this is a conservative magazine, I can't stand the sight or the sound of him. It's visceral, not political. Everything he does and says—slinging his arms around people, slouching on lecterns, his "strong personal bonds," his hearty-har nicknaming—affects me like sulfuric acid trickling down my spine. He reminds me of every boy in school who ever called me "brain" and "curve-breaker." We also differ on favorite philosophers. Mine is Schopenhauer: "To forgive and forget is to surrender dearly bought experience."

The Anniversary Waltz: Americans are mired in a showy morbidity the likes of which have not been seen since ancient Egypt. The only difference between Ground Zero and Giza is that workmen are hauling building materials down the ramps instead of up. After we pulled out all the stops in the ceremonies marking the six-month anniversary of the attacks, what is there left to do for the first year? We are perilously close to worshipping a hole in the ground.

The obsessive commemorations growing out of 9/11 can only encourage the ones that were already up and running

before the terrorists struck. August threatens to turn into one giant wake. It contains the 40th anniversary of Marilyn Monroe's death, the 25th anniversary of Elvis's, and the 5th anniversary of Princess Di's on the last day of the month, which will take us into September, when my quarterly Estimated Taxes are due on the 15th.

All News Is Created Equal: I remember when a news bulletin was just that: "Japanese attack Pearl Harbor. . . FDR dead." Later, I worked on a newspaper when the wire machines still rang a bulletin bell when something important happened. But nowadays, if you discriminate between this news and that, somebody might call you a "newsist," so the cable shows crank up their ruffles-and-flourishes bulletin music, zoom-flash "Breaking News" across the screen, and announce that a Greyhound bus has overturned in Ogallala, Neb. Don't bother to switch channels; you'll just get "Fox News Alert" with the latest on the boiler that exploded in Toledo.

Offhand, I'd say there are more false alarms on Fox than on MSNBC, but it's hard to be sure now that my mind has started to go. I can state that Fox's early-morning crew is more repulsive than any other early-morning crew. I especially detest the blond clod because he reminds me of the boy in school who put a comforting arm around my shoulders and said, "You'd be a great gal if only you had a sense of humor." (At the risk of driving my Gentle Reader to suicide, I'll make a quick foray into Nice and name the one TV newsman I adore: Roger Mudd on the History Channel.)

The Marriage "Initiative": The Bush plan to end the culture of poverty by leading the proletariat to the altar is doomed to backfire in the manner of the "Togetherness" craze of the '50s, which dinned the buzzwords of marriage propaganda without surcease. I know, I was there. "Marking time" meant waiting to get married; "saving ourselves for marriage" meant staying technically virginal (we were the Keystone Kops of heavy petting); "drifting" meant despairing of get-

ting married; "on solid ground" meant engaged to be married; "something to fall back on" meant getting a college degree in case you didn't get married; and "starting my life" meant finally being married—i.e., not having to read another excerpt from *Modern Woman: The Lost Sex* in the *Ladies' Home Journal* and worrying about what it said.

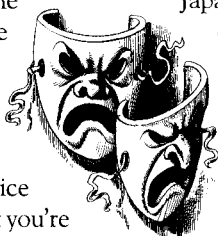
Result? The feminist movement. I don't know how the Marriage Initiative will end, but I know how it won't. One of the conservative think tanks has argued that the example of family life set by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert changed the English from gin-swilling, cockfighting Regency rakes and doxies into contented monogamous couples, but this is too facile. Victorian morality was adopted by the middle class only; the aristocracy and the poor did not change—they never do.

The All-American Freak-Out: There's a war on against the unhalt, the unlame, and the unstupid. You're nobody unless there's something wrong with you. It's only a matter of time before E.Q., or "emotional intelligence," replaces I.Q. so that the people who ought to be in an institution learning how to make brooms can feel good about themselves.

Our perverse preferences started with handicapped parking spaces, but they are fast approaching the truly bizarre. This was brought home to me one recent night when I was looking for a late movie to watch. I had just seen a public-service announcement for Restless Leg Syndrome, so I was in the mood for escapism.

As I flipped through the TV schedule, a movie called *Twin Falls Idaho* caught my eye. Back in 1959 while in grad school at Ole Miss, I was offered, via letter, a job teaching English in Twin Falls. I accepted, but reneged a month later when my plans changed, so I never set foot in the place. The movie listing triggered my "what if" curiosity. What if I had gone to Twin Falls? How would my life be different? What did I miss? Eagerly, I read the plot description.

It said: "(1999) Drama. Michael Polish, Mark Polish. A kindhearted hooker falls for a man who is physically joined to his dying identical twin brother." **NR**



Miss King can be reached at P.O. Box 7113, Fredericksburg, Va. 22404.

Trade Promotion Authority Will Further Destroy Good Paying U.S. Manufacturing Jobs

Trade consists of both exports and imports. Focusing only on the job gains created by exports while ignoring the job losses created by imports is like reporting only one team's score in a baseball game. Counting only one side doesn't allow you to know who is winning. Presenting one-sided information on trade can only mislead Congress and the public about trade's job impact on our economy.

But this is exactly the tactic that continues to be used by the Business Round Table and other supporters of Trade Promotion Authority legislation and more NAFTA-style free trade deals – despite an annual \$417 billion trade deficit (more than \$1 billion a day) – a level that Alan Greenspan and leading economists call “unsustainable.” Consider the following:

- ✓ **FACT:** Exports of goods and services grew by \$468 billion over the past decade, imports soared by \$861 billion. Because U.S. imports exceeded exports, the trade deficit reduced real growth in America's Gross Domestic Product (GDP) by 14.8 percent over the past decade.

CLAIM: But, the Business Round Table simply contends that, “*Over the last decade, exports were responsible for 30 percent of U.S. economic growth.*”

- ✓ **FACT:** Exports create jobs, imports destroy jobs. Over the past year, America lost 1,285,000 good-paying manufacturing jobs with benefits, largely because imports greatly exceeded exports.

CLAIM: But, the Business Round Table ignores the U.S. manufacturing job loss and simply contends that, “*Exports Create Jobs at High Wages.*”

- ✓ **FACT:** Manufacturing exports grew by 300 percent between 1980 and 2001 (not 350 percent), manufacturing imports grew by 615 percent. To pay for the resulting manufacturing trade deficits – \$308 billion in 2001 alone – America was forced to sell off assets and plunge deeper in debt to foreign creditors.

CLAIM: But, the Business Round Table simply contends that, “*Since 1980, manufacturing exports alone have grown by nearly 350 percent.*”

Before Congress considers TPA legislation, leading to more NAFTA-style agreements, it should consider the facts about trade – **all the facts**. They show conclusively that a new grant of Trade Promotion Authority will destroy the jobs of America's working men and women.

Vote Against Trade Promotion Authority!

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